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Events of the Week.

THE Budget is generally known for what it is, an assortment of dopes for the pains of different classes of taxpayers—and electors. There is one shilling for the Income Tax payer, fourpence for the tea-drinker, a half-penny off letters and postcards, a small relief for telephones, a big lump off farmers' assessment, and a few miscellaneous concessions. The big cut, of course, is the £32½ millions on this year's Income Tax, thus disposing of three-quarters of the so-called surplus of £46½ millions. If a due share of the other cuts be accredited to the Income Tax-paying class, it will be evident that fully four-fifths of the relief comes to them. The tea, coffee, and cocoa cuts, which affect working-class expenditure, make a very trivial proportion of the total. The one shilling off the Income Tax buys off resentment, but does not give satisfaction to the business man, clamorous for twice that sum. There is no great substance for the hope that the tax reduction will stimulate trade. Trade has been held up far more by low consumption than by high taxation, and this Budget does not convert any appreciable amount of tax money into consumption.

On the side of expenditure the chief point of criticism is the impudently small allowance for Supplementary Estimates, viz., £25 millions. Last year four times this sum was required. Another low estimate is the reduced figure of £335 millions for debt service, £10 millions down from last year. This is defended on the ground of the low interest on Treasury bills. But this economy would automatically disappear if trade began to revive, and the Chancellor evidently counts on some revival. But by far the worst vice is the abandonment of debt repayment, which, in view of the boasted provisions of 1920, is an open sin against the light. This is not only bad public finance, but it more than offsets the reduction of Income Tax in its backstroke against national credit. The whole question of the amount of indebtedness is left obscure. The recent Command Paper showed a higher figure at the end of the last financial year than two years before, and Mr. Bonar

Law's contention that £500 millions have been paid off since the war ended is utterly fallacious. Mr. Asquith and Sir D. Maclean rightly fastened on this stoppage of debt payment as the proof of a dishonest electoral purpose.

THIS short view is attested by the Chancellor's refusal to look for a single moment at the finance of next year. How, indeed, could he? If provision for debts is not feasible this year, it will be impossible next year with this bad precedent. For next year, though some of last year's burdens disappear, can see no £90 millions of "special receipts," the Income Tax yield will be down by the full effect of this year's reduction, and the admission of another bad year into the basis of assessment, while £25 millions more will be wanted for interest on the American debt. Except on the unwarranted assumption of a great revival of trade, next year's finance is made impossible. This declaration of inability to repay debt out of ordinary tax resources is a striking testimony to the need for a Capital Levy.

THE debates on the Budget have not produced, nor are they likely to produce, any change in it. The House of Commons will not dispute a Budget which half-accepts the industrial order to the Government to "give trade a chance," even though in fact there is no relief, and the true Parliamentary remedy, which is a vigorous handling of the debt, has not been touched. Sir Robert Horne, in his reply, implicitly admitted Mr. Asquith's charge against the Budget that it was a gamble, merely pleading that it was a little one, and that it might succeed. He defended his policy of writing down the Supplementary Estimates to twenty-five millions on the ground that there were some items to come off the account, ignoring the items that are to come on. The criticism was mostly weak. Mr. Holmes, a "Liberal," talked a great deal of bold heresy, on which we should have liked to hear a few remarks from the ghost of Gladstone, and to watch Mr. Holmes's face as he listened to them. The best short example of Ministerial finance was provided by Sir Godfrey Collins, who showed that in three years the Government had taken £21 millions off the nation's debt, and disposed of £650 millions' worth of its assets.

As we read this week's doings at Versailles, Mr. Lloyd George has concentrated all his efforts to conciliate the French. He succeeded at first in the sense that he has brought them in as signatories (under reserves) to a general note of terms addressed to the Russians—a signature which they have since repudiated. At the same time he is offering M. Poincaré a general arrangement over debts and reparations, to run parallel with his anti-aggression pact. He wants to bring M. Poincaré to meet the other Allies, if not actually in Genoa, at least somewhere in the neighborhood, to discuss

the indemnity. M. Poincaré, however, thinks of Genoa as Canossa, and would prefer any other meeting place, besides which he wants to wait till May 31st, when the Germans will actually have defaulted. In other words, he wants to talk sanctions, not compromises. M. Barthou has gone to Paris carrying Mr. George's plan, which is on the lines of Sir Robert Horne's memorandum, *i.e.*, the indemnity is to be divided roughly into three parts. One part only is to be payable in any event. The other two-thirds are to be set off against inter-Allied debts, and the whole cancelled—if America assents, which of course she will not do. Then, if the indemnity were so reduced, an international loan might be floated secured on the German payments.

* * *

THE worst of this extremely conciliatory attitude towards the French (who have not the slightest belief in it) is that it has resulted in the drafting of a set of terms to Russia which M. Chicherin certainly cannot accept as they stand, and may not regard as a possible basis of discussion. Yet even this document is too pro-Russian for the Belgians, who will not accept it, doubtless at a hint from their French masters, and though M. Barthou had swallowed it quite amiably, M. Barrère, after his senior's departure for Paris, was instructed by M. Poincaré to sign, with the reservation that French assent is not valid till the actual text has been studied and approved in Paris. This approval, it is clear, will not be given, for the French Cabinet have decided to stand by Belgium, their "bonnet," in her refusal to sign. To buy even a nominal measure of assent, Mr. George had at the last moment to accept some very stiff amendments proposed by M. Barrère to a clause which M. Barthou had approved. The result may well be that M. Chicherin will regard any further negotiations for a general treaty as hopeless, and will fall back on the plan of dealing with each State separately, in which he may have some success.

* * *

FROM the Russian standpoint the fatal defect of the Allied draft is that it contains neither of M. Chicherin's minima. So far from conceding immediate *de jure* recognition, it does not, if we may trust the summaries of the correspondents, mention recognition at all. Nor does it hold out any expectation of a loan in any form, or even of a guarantee for a loan to the Russian State. What it does offer in the way of financial assistance is the undertaking (1) that the new Financial Consortium will be prepared to operate in Russia, and will export railway material, machinery, &c.; (2) that the British Trade Credits scheme will be extended to British traders with Russia, and (3) that France will be prepared to export railway and other transport material. This means that Russia may be able to obtain some of the things she urgently needs on credit, at our price, if we have them to sell, but that no fund will be at her disposal to buy what she needs where she can best procure it. Nor would any of these limited forms of credit help her in the least to cope with the sequels of the Volga famine, for our traders are not dealers in grain, or seed, or cattle.

* * *

ASSUMING that M. Chicherin may waive his two minima, which we think improbable, the rest of the document is far from attractive. Thus, under the head

of propaganda, Russia is required to be neutral in the Turkish contest, *i.e.*, to renounce her pledges to Turkey, and this at a moment when both France and Italy have, in effect, abandoned their neutrality. Again, Russia is required to restore the Roumanian war-chest which she holds (if she has not spent it) as a pledge, arguing that it is forfeit by the Roumanian annexation of Bessarabia. The question of the Russian war-debt is to be treated on the same lines as other inter-Allied debts, but the Russians are required to abandon their counter-claims for damage done to them by our interventions. As for the Tsarist debt, neither interest nor principal is to be required at present or until 1931, when the claims of the bondholders may be arbitrated before the President of the Supreme Court of the United States—an authority likely to take a somewhat severe view. In short, though Russia has a breathing space of nine years, she may thereafter find herself heavily burdened, and this prospect will affect her present and future ability to borrow.

* * *

THE sharpest struggle turned on the demand which the Belgians led, at first with French support, that the integral rights of foreigners in Russian landed property should be literally restored. This, as Mr. George saw, is impossible, for a Socialist State cannot admit private property in land. The French exposed themselves in all this argument to a deadly retort. To say nothing of the virtual repudiation of assignats and mandates, their Revolution wrote down the Public Debt to one-third, and confiscated all feudal rights in land, and all lands of the *émigrés* without compensation. The demand as now formulated does allow Russia to compensate foreigners in various ways, *e.g.*, by long leases, for the loss of freehold rights, and does not require their integral restoration; but the conditions after the last French amendments are impossibly stiff, and the prospect of endless and expensive inquiry by mixed tribunals is far from alluring. Finally, special guarantees for foreigners in Russia are defined, but even the fullest of the Press summaries give no details. We should say, to sum up, that these are terms which Russia cannot accept as they stand, while France vetoes the whole business. We see no prospect then that Genoa will result in any general treaty with Russia. From this it follows that Russia will stand outside Mr. George's "pact," which will thus be merely a new version of the old Entente with the *status quo* as its basis.

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YET one more secret treaty has to be registered. Italy has followed the example of France in ignoring the pact of London, and has made her arrangements with Turkey. Not much is known as yet about the details. It is, of course, largely an economic bargain, as one might guess without inside knowledge. In other words, Italy has obtained concessions which she believes to be valuable, probably in the coalfield of Eregli and in the oilfield of unknown possibilities which may exist in the so-called Armenian vilayets of Van and Bitlis. No one will credit the statement that Italy has paid nothing for these privileges. She has certainly paid at least the price which France paid, in the shape of a promise to support Turkey in the pending peace negotiations. With Italy and France tied to the support of Angora, the chances of an early peace do not brighten, and another spring campaign against the Greeks is a possibility. It is not pleasant to be isolated in this way, but the Foreign Office is only paying for its own headstrong pursuit of a blind but not a true Philhellene

policy. Italy's opinion was outspoken from the first, and Signor Nitti condemned the Treaty of Sévres in public before he had quitted San Remo and within a day of assenting to it.

* * *

FROM this distance we watch the Civil War in China with but languid attention, and we gravely doubt if we should find it more thrilling were we on the spot. Three forces are in the field: (1) Starting in the North, there is Chang-tso-lin, who started life as a brigand, and won such distinction in his profession that he was invited to step up higher. He continues to exercise it as Viceroy of Manchuria. Common report regards him as a Japanese tool, but that is said of nearly every eminent Chinaman. We incline to believe it of both when two of them fight together, for anarchy serves Japanese ends best. (2) In the Centre is Wu-pei-fu, who has the repute of being the ablest Chinese soldier. He is so up-to-date that he claims to be fighting a war to end war; in other words, he wants to end every phase of militarism but his own. He has in a quite moderately long lifetime fought both for and against most, if not all, of the political tendencies of modern China. (3) In the South is Dr. Sun-yat-sen, at the head of the Canton Government. It had never occurred to us to doubt the sincerity of his progressive, quasi-Socialistic beliefs until he allied himself with Chang (No. 1). Their hope was from North and South to crush Wu in the Centre, but Wu is evidently bent on dealing rapidly with each in isolation, and at the moment has won successes against Chang in some rather complicated marches towards Peking and Tientsin. All three claim to be fighting for the Parliament and the Constitution, and each side combats the secret pro-Japanese treachery of the other. We think we can "spot the winner"—Japan.

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AGAINST the dim background of much less intelligible and concrete information from Genoa the news was trumpeted on Tuesday that the British-Dutch "Shell" group had secured from the Russians a monopoly to work both the Baku and Grozny oil-fields. Next day brought a flat contradiction from M. Krassin, who maintains, as he has always maintained, that Russia will never give a monopoly of these fields to any foreign Power, and intends to work some of them herself. Some limited bargain may have been struck provisionally, but the Russians are much too shrewd to clinch it until they can get something of what they want in other directions, for the "Shell" combination can bring powerful influences to bear. The concession is said to be on the basis that the "Shell" group and the Russian State shall halve the profits on exported oil, and the two fields will be worked as a unit. This naturally would cause complications, for in the old days other interests, including the American "Standard" Trust, had concessions at Baku, and these will want to be compensated, if not included. The "Standard" Trust, which has, since 1918, been quietly defeated by its younger rival in almost all the undeveloped oil-fields of the world, may have reason to regret that the American Government has taken up towards Russia an attitude so aloof. Its one success since 1918 has been the recent acquisition of concessions in Portuguese Angola—something of a portent, since it means the entry for the first time of American capital on a great scale into Africa. But comment is premature, for the Russian chapter is not yet quite legible.

ON Monday it was announced that the Peace Conference in Dublin had ended in failure, and that Mr. de Valera had refused to agree to a General Election or to a *plébiscite*. On Tuesday Mr. de Valera made a statement suggesting that he was ready to agree to a General Election in six months' time on certain conditions. We are reminded of the well-known story of *Domani, domani, domani!* At the Ard Fheis Convention Mr. de Valera accepted the idea of a June election as an alternative to an immediate election. Now he wants another six months. Six months hence he would have some new reason for a further postponement. The most interesting incident of the Conference was the scheme suggested by the Labor Party, who proposed that the Dáil should call into counsel representatives of local authorities and economic organizations from all parts of Ireland, and that this joint body should act as a Constitutional Assembly to prepare a Constitution for submission to the electorate. Meanwhile, a Council of State responsible to the Dáil should have authority over the I.R.A., and a local police force should be formed under the local civil authorities.

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THE breakdown of the Conference, though not surprising, was not encouraging to the hopes of peace. It was followed by a debate in the Dáil which was similarly depressing, for the opponents of the Treaty seemed to be singularly little affected by the appalling state into which Ireland is drifting. Eight murders of Protestants in the South marked a new and terrible feature in the general demoralization. But on Tuesday there was a rift in the clouds, for a joint appeal for peace was issued by soldiers of the old I.R.A. who had been comrades in arms, including some of the officers in Mr. Roderick O'Connor's force. Some of the officers who join in this appeal belong to the First Southern Division, which was regarded as the most solidly opposed to the Treaty. Thefts from the banks of over £50,000 by armed men belonging to Mr. O'Connor's force have intensified the general longing for peace and the restoration of order. It looks as if Mr. de Valera's doctrine of the right of the minority to take up arms and Mr. Roderick O'Connor's practical brigandage are awakening many of the opponents of the Treaty to the catastrophe into which Ireland is rapidly being drawn.

* * *

THE General Council of the Trade Union Congress is handling the problem of the "Daily Herald" with a very gingerly, not to say faltering hand. We cannot understand why it hesitates. Of course the "Herald" must be saved; and equally of course trade unionism must have control. To let it die miserably and lose all its plant, material, experience, to say nothing of its pretty good stock of quick brains and journalistic audacity, would expose Labor to contempt. There is no reason, in our view, why the "Herald" should want a subsidy for ever. But it was clear that, with competitors like Lord Northcliffe in the field, it could not at once fight its way to a paying position. But for all the "Herald's" mistakes, that lively organ contrives to pay Labor a fairly good dividend; and it is the obvious interest and duty of the Congress to use and, if necessary, stretch whatever powers it possesses to see its one daily paper through. Measured by the standard of Germany, the Labor Press of this country is a case of pitiful default. But it exists; and its ewe-lamb, the "Herald," is a pretty vigorous youngling. And it would be an act of thriftless cowardice to let it die now.

Politics and Affairs.

THE "PACT" AND ITS MEANING.

THE fortunes of the Genoa Conference swing each week in a violently oscillating balance. Last week, under the gloomy influence of M. Poincaré's speech at Bar-le-Duc, the most hopeful presage that one could form was that France might withdraw and leave the rest of us free from her veto and her wrecking to attain concord among ourselves. This week virtual unanimity has been reached in defining terms for Russia, which mark some advance in liberality on the London Experts' Memorandum, but are none the less, after Mr. George's eleventh-hour concessions to the French, a far from hopeful basis of discussion. The next move is with M. Chicherin. His tactics, with their admixture of audacity and subtlety, do, we think, express a real desire to attain a positive result, but he may reach it more readily by separate agreements than by a general treaty. If the Conference should result in a general arrangement with Russia, it will by that one concrete achievement justify itself, and the further effort to reach Mr. George's pact against aggression may proceed upon some foundation of reality. If, on the other hand, no treaty is reached with Russia, then the general pact will be either a nebulous and worthless sentimentality or, what is much worse, a consolidation of the alliance of the victors.

It is time to attempt some closer thinking over this well-meaning design of a European pact. There are two strains of thought and feeling, two widely separated conceptions of a possible Continental system, which clash and converge about it. Mr. Lloyd George's mind does not make sharp distinctions: it even ignores the deepest contradictions, often apparently because it does not see them. What he desires may be admirable and hopeful, but it is vague, undefined, and remote from any existing reality. He wants, we take it, to obliterate the gulf between victors and vanquished. He sees in swift vision a European family which includes Germans, Russians, Austrians, and Bulgarians, as well as Allies. He has so far realized his purpose that he has brought them all together at Genoa. He believes that if he could ensure that this quarrelsome, anxious, pessimistic Continent would settle down for a decade to peaceful work, it would realize its own pre-established economic harmony. Each of us would find the other necessary to his own life, and the frenzied nationalism which in various manifestations and degrees distracts us all would gradually give way to a more social and international habit of thought. Let there but be peace for ten years, he argues, and the unity of our Continent would again be knit together. That is, we take it, the origin of his suggestion of a ten years' truce, a pact against aggression.

Morally the idea is sound and attractive. The difficulty at once begins when one tries to define aggression. The habitual definition, the usage of ordinary speech, conceives aggression in a somewhat rudimentary way. It is a visual idea, with a geographical meaning. Aggression means walking armed across your neighbor's frontier with intent to do him harm. That is, needless to say, a most inadequate definition. You may maliciously and deliberately injure another people without taking up arms or trespassing across its bound-

daries, and that in countless ways. Indeed, the more complex modern life becomes, the greater is the range of injury which may be inflicted without the movement of armies or fleets. But there is difficulty enough in applying the notion of a truce from aggression even if we stick to the common idea. We will not raise the familiar conundrums, whether the Power which makes an insulting or injurious or provocative demand is the aggressor, or the Power which first crosses its own frontier, or whether mobilizing first or invading first is the mark of aggression, though these are really serious puzzles. What is obvious is that any application of the idea implies at least agreed and recognized frontiers—frontiers which satisfy the general sense of justice, if not the interested views of all the parties involved. A Continental pact implies to begin with an accepted and completed map of Europe.

Three and a half years after the Armistice we are still without a completed map of Europe which satisfies diplomatic, to say nothing of moral, tests. From the Black Sea to the Baltic there is no frontier which enjoys general recognition. While the Allies have assented to Roumania's seizure of Bessarabia, Russia opened the Genoa Conference by protesting against this act of war. Poland's occupation of Eastern Galicia is irregular and at best provisional. Her present eastern frontier with Russia, though Russia did accept it under pressure of the then anxious campaign with Wrangel, is a ludicrous offence against the principle of nationality. No Power, not even France, approves of it, or would guarantee it. Worse still is the case of Vilna, seized by the Poles and held in defiance alike of the Supreme Council and the League of Nations. The mischief here is not merely that Poland holds territory inhabited only by a minority of Poles. She holds it deliberately as a barrier to separate Germany economically from Russia, and its use or abuse is well illustrated by the absurd and miserable fact that although Germany has built this winter a large number of locomotives for Russia, they are still waiting for the melting of the ice and the resumption of sea-traffic to the Neva because it would be unsafe to send them by land over the two Polish "corridors." Again, the important port of Memel, though lost to Germany, is still unallocated no-man's-land, and the suspicion is common that the French are holding it only to give it to the Poles. Lastly, the frontiers of the three Baltic States, though they raise no serious question, are not yet "recognized." In all these cases no fully legal boundary exists, and in several cases it would be dangerous to accept the *status quo*. Then comes the case of Turkey in Europe, where no frontier can be recognized until the Græco-Turkish war is ended, and the Treaty of Sèvres replaced by something better.

So far even the most stereotyped diplomacy must mark the existing lines with a query. There remain the innumerable cases in which, although the map-drawing was done in Paris with an affectation of finality, no disinterested observer of European politics can pronounce it satisfactory. The Polish corridor to Dantzig is a monstrosity. We should be sorry to think that the Silesian settlement can never be revised. The Austro-Hungarian partition created as much injustice as it cured. Bulgaria is fringed with Alsaces which are not yet tired of drinking blood. Lastly, though France has no territorial rights in the Rhineland, or even, strictly speaking, in the Saar, she is in possession, and she professes to think that the legal fifteen years of her military tenancy have not yet begun to run, and, if she can help it, they will never begin and never end.

Now if Mr. George means anything definite by his anti-aggression pact, he must face some at least of these

problems. He can hardly stereotype the Eastern frontiers as they stand, yet we do not envy him his task if he attempts to revise them. To take anything from Poland and Roumania which they hold would start a very noisy storm which might not end in enhancing the prestige of the senior Allies. To alter the recognized frontiers of Czecho-Slovakia or Jugo-Slavia is manifestly in present conditions wholly impossible. What, then, is to be done?

No one has a clear and logical answer but the French and their friends. The only safe and loyal thing to do, they say, is to recognize everywhere the *status quo*—in other words, the lines drawn in the Treaties of Versailles, St. Germain, and Trianon, completed by the *de facto* settlements in the East. Your pact of aggression must be a pledge to respect the legislation of the victors. It will be, in short, a system for enforcing their will and for repressing anyone, be it Germany or Russia, or Bulgaria or Hungary, who dares to question the arrangements of 1919. And what sort of pact is required for this purpose? Why, plainly, an alliance of those who profited. A vague oath to keep the peace does not interest them. It may do no harm. By all means bind over the vanquished to be of good behavior for ten years. But the real force for the keeping of the peace will be the definite system of alliances, of Britain with Belgium and France, of the Little Entente in the centre, and of these two in some degree with each other.

Now all this is perfectly reasonable and logical. It is a logic which Mr. George, who signed the Treaties of Versailles, Trianon, and St. Germain, will find it difficult to escape. Unless he is very careful he will find that his plausible notion for uniting Europe has united the Allies alone. In so far as others adhered to it, it would be only in the sense that they might confess their impotence to disturb it. We are ready to believe that, given a tight military alliance linking Britain, France, the Little Entente, Poland, Italy, and Belgium, even France might consent to some moderate reduction of armies. This plethora of force against a disarmed foe is manifestly excessive, provided you have your force tied up and pledged to the defence of a recognized and invariable system of frontiers.

But the French would not stop there, and from their point of view they would be foolish to stop there. The *status quo*, the established order, the Continental system, is much more than a network of frontiers. It is the whole corpus of the treaties. It is, above all, the German indemnity. The pact, therefore, as they reason with unanswerable logic, must cover the whole body of European law. Germany will "aggress," if she defaults in her payments, as flagrantly as if she invades Poland. The pact, in short, as they see it, means our entry into their complex military system, and our support for all their privileges, exactions, and occupations. Thus by a straight and cogent line of reasoning, starting from Mr. George's vague benevolence, one is whirled rapidly to its perfect antithesis. Take the *status quo* as your starting point, and you cannot avoid this conclusion.

To put the matter plainly, Mr. George is trying to build his peaceful and mutually helpful Europe upon a rotten and impossible foundation, which is on the balance decidedly more iniquitous than that which it replaced. It is pretty clear that he knows it himself. He betrayed his knowledge in the memorandum of March, 1919. When at Christmas, 1920, he blurted out the admission that Germany "staggered and stumbled" into the war, he upset the whole basis of the treaties, for the only possible justification for them, and that a bad one, is that they are partly a punishment,

partly a re-insurance, exacted by perfectly innocent victors from a foe who had, of his sole malice, planned and plotted the war. But as long as he hesitates to speak plainly he is bound by his own signature to these treaties. Until he denounces them he can be driven by a perfectly fair dialectic into assent to the worst and last consequences of the French system. If you are not going to stereotype this abominable *status quo* for ever, you must begin to revise it, and you must start with a frank confession that it is a tissue of mistakes and iniquities. Such confessions are not in Mr. George's methods. He comes short of that supreme test of largeness and courage. Nor dare he even say openly that certain chapters of the code that defines the *status quo* must be revised. If he would say plainly that the indemnity clauses, the Rhineland occupation, and the Eastern frontiers must be revised at once, and the more sacred maps subjected to thorough overhauling at the end of the ten years' truce, the *status quo* might be made for that limited period endurable. But this he dare not say. His own past fetters him. His Allies hold him, and have the right to hold him, to his signature. In these conditions we dread his pact. It means, it cannot but mean, a second ratification of the treaties.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN IN IRELAND.

THE breakdown of the Peace Conference in Dublin was the least surprising of events. It was clear beforehand that Mr. de Valera was making a demand which admits of no compromise in any nation that respects itself. The only effect of the Conference has been to put the character of that demand beyond all doubt. He will not agree to any arrangement for taking the opinion of Ireland on the policy that Ireland should choose. He will not agree to a General Election. He will not agree to a *plébiscite* in which every Irishman or Irishwoman over the age of twenty-one would take part. Everything else is tolerable in comparison. It is tolerable that men should be murdered; that armed men should prevent citizens from meeting and discussing; that armed men should wreck newspaper offices, burn newspapers with which they disagree, fine citizens for selling them, and raid banks for funds to keep their campaign of criminal terrorism going; that the life of a people should be distracted by brigandage, espionage, violence, and the fear of murder. All these things this purist for liberty finds tolerable. The one thing that is intolerable is that the Irish people should decide its own future, instead of leaving that decision to Mr. de Valera and the bank bandits. There Mr. de Valera's anxiety for peace and friendship with his old colleagues reaches the breaking-point. He is all for accommodation and compromise. But to ask that Ireland should be allowed to have a will of her own is asking too much. In every controversy there is a ditch at which every man of principle has to make a stand. This is Mr. de Valera's ditch.

In the ordinary way there would be only one method of discussing such a claim: the method of Gilbert and Sullivan. Ireland has generally had the laugh on her side in her dealings with England. Tyranny is always ridiculous, and England's tyranny was certainly no exception. To-day, Mr. de Valera is drawing the laughter of the world away from England. For the tyranny of inquisitors or narrow sects or armed fanatics is not less absurd than other sorts of tyranny. What sort of figure is presented by the man who was ready to take the oath that was suggested by the Dáil Cabinet

last autumn, who accepted all the implications and limitations of Document No. 2, who spontaneously disclaimed any idea of coercing Ulster, when he declares that the Treaty between Ireland and England is so outrageous that he cannot allow the Irish people to express an opinion on it? Presumably, if the Treaty had been made on the lines of Document No. 2, he would have said that the Treaty was so reasonable that he could not allow the Irish people to express an opinion on it. What English ruler, even the most blind and stupid and insolent of all our rulers, ever offered the Irish people such an insult as this? "No people," says Mr. Roderick O'Connor, "is entitled to do what is morally wrong through fear of the consequences." And any group of persons may decide what is morally wrong, and by what methods a nation should be prevented from doing it. This is the logic of all tyranny: it brings the world always to the same practical syllogism—force is the master. "Did the Minister," said one of the speakers in the Dáil last week, "want them to regard as common crimes acts committed in the defence of the Republic?" How familiar is that plea! Republic: Empire: Church. Grant that these absolutes justify crime, or put some softening complexion on its horrors, and you concede at once the case for the murder of Protestants by Catholics, Catholics by Protestants, Englishmen by Irishmen, Irishmen by Englishmen. You spread Belfast over Ireland. The most savage and horrible of the crimes of history have been the crimes committed not for private ends, but for this or that cause, and if Ireland, having got rid of her foreign usurpers, is going to acclimatize the Balkan view of political murder in the Irish culture, the outlook for Ireland is a degradation of the dream and the names of Tone or Davis, or of the fallen of Easter week.

Somebody said of the Jacobins that they would destroy twenty Governments with their metaphysics. The metaphysics of these romantic absolutists would bring any society to ruin. For they belong to the atmosphere of a school debating society rather than to that of the world of action. Among grown-up communities it is understood that society can only exist where men holding different opinions can live together without violence. If the Republicans may commit crimes and destroy freedom in the name of the Republic to-day, the Communists may commit crimes and destroy freedom in the name of Communism to-morrow. In point of fact, it generally happens that opinion is less constant among the devotees of a doctrinaire theory than anywhere else. Let anybody who doubts this trace the later history of the adherents of the Jacobins, or the Radical idealists of the early nineteenth century, or the Socialist schools of all ages. There is something in the old saying that if a man is convinced that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday, he must remember that to-morrow he may be wiser still. Among those who are calling for blood in the name of the Republic there are some who are convinced that they are wiser to-day than they were yesterday, when they were known as Home Rulers or Unionists; but after a great deal of blood has been spent for the Republic they may find that they want something else. What sort of statesmanship is it that makes the life of a nation depend on the moods of these sentimental egoists?

If Ireland were in a normal condition, this rhetorical frenzy would not do much mischief. The Irish people have no greater taste for political confusion and military tyranny than other European peoples, and nobody believes that they wish to reconstruct the life of their nation on the lines on which the mutineers seek to reconstruct it in Cork and Tipperary. But in consequence of

the monstrous system of the last few years, for which we are responsible, Ireland's state is not normal, and the vindication of Ireland's self-respect and freedom is not an easy or simple matter. The Irish Government has a very delicate and difficult task, and it can judge better than onlookers how best to meet this threat to the liberty of the Irish people. But it has one valuable ally in the Labor Party, which has made some excellent recommendations, urging the use of trade and Labor and functional associations in the task of organizing government and preparing the Constitution. The Labor Party is, naturally, not satisfied with the Treaty. But the men who lead it differ from Mr. de Valera, the "Republic of Ireland," and Mr. Roderick O'Connor in two very important points. They have regard to the realities rather than the symbols of life, and they care a great deal about the lot of the workers. They realize that the Treaty gives Ireland complete control of her resources, and that it enables Ireland to make what type of social civilization she chooses. And they know that if ultimately Ireland decides to break association with England, nothing can stop her. Meanwhile they have no wish to see railwaymen or printers or carters or workmen of any class ordered about at the revolver's point by armed bullies acting "in defence of the Republic," who spread unemployment and distress, and prevent the Irish nation from addressing itself to the intolerable conditions under which a great mass of the workers are living. The excellent scheme put forward by Mr. Johnson on their behalf shows the large and catholic spirit in which the Labor Party approaches the dangers and the problems of Ireland. This is perhaps the best augury for Ireland's future.

A CHARTER FOR JOURNALISM.

"What sells a newspaper? . . . The first answer is 'War.' War not only creates a supply of news, but a demand for it. So deep-rooted is the fascination of war and all things appertaining to it that I am persuaded, despite the League of Nations, wars will not cease until human nature has radically changed. . . . Only a drum has to beat or a trumpet to sound in the street to bring people to their windows, and a paper has only to be able to put on its placard 'A Great Battle,' for the sales to mount up. . . . The effect of the European War on journalism is patent to everyone. Notwithstanding the Censor, it brought back the 'Times' from a penny to threepence, and restored its old prestige and prosperity; it destroyed the ha'penny sneer at the popular dailies, and by doubling their price improved equally their finance and influence."—*Mr. Kennedy Jones on the power of the Popular Press.*

IMAGINE the discovery by an eminent physician of the toxic qualities of a common food. Figure the sensation of the public, the confusion of the vendors, the legal and Governmental action to stay the poison and re-establish the health of the people. Now conceive a similar discovery, by an extremely competent practitioner, of a still more harmful and subtle infection, that of the daily mental food of millions of British men and women, supplied to them by the popular daily press of the country. Mark the reception of the moral as compared with the physical explorer. The virus injected into the veins of the community is, says Mr. Angell, the "poison of limitless small daily lies." This treatment has not only induced in the patient the inability to measure truth, but has made havoc of his material well-being. It envenomed the war, and ruined his judgment of its issues. It has induced him to throw away millions' worth of goods accumulated during the contest for his use and benefit. It has produced a total misconception of his relationship

to the Russian Revolution, and of the facts which should govern that relationship. And it has induced him to blunt the weapon of popular culture in the hour when he most needed it. Well, is the world greatly disturbed, or will it be when the facts of Mr. Angell's well-reasoned indictment* become known? Does it believe his report, or believing it, will it hasten to set up the machinery of redress? We see no signs of any overwhelming passion to be mentally well, to shake off this deadly practice, or to receive its antidote.

Now the misdirection of the mind of the people which Mr. Angell alleges in these and other cases consisted in the fact that the dominant Press of the country, a highly organized and virtually a monopolist group of capitalists, simply withheld the facts about them. The public could not judge these issues, for they were never presented. Mr. Angell shows how this was done. Having emerged from the war in safety, Capital did not want to see a successful organization of war goods and services, some of them of high utility, carried into the peace and maintained and operated by the Government. So the case for their preservation was neither argued nor stated; their directors were called "limpets." The ridiculous epithet stuck; and these national assets were scrapped (though they might have found employment for some thousands of workmen), or sold in cheap lots to capitalists. Again, Capital did not want a high organization of popular education. So a cry was raised that education was in the hands of a set of "wastrels," and the Minister, thus intimidated, promptly cut it down. And it wanted still less to see a great experiment in an anti-capitalistic form of government succeed in Russia. So at the word of command the Bolsheviks were blackened out of all proportion to the truth. To illustrate his general point, Mr. Angell gives a typical example of the way in which this Press, having "won" the war by inoculating the country with hatred of the "Hun," and having enough of the serum left over to lose the peace with, proceeded to do it. In 1919, a Conference, consisting mainly of economists and expert observers of the condition of East and East Central Europe, was called to examine the state of famine prevailing or threatened in those districts. It proceeded to discuss such problems as transport, credits, currencies, and the relief of distress through co-operative agencies. Mr. Angell quotes the headlines in which the "Daily Mail" introduced its criticism of this Conference. The "Mail" did not talk transport; it talked cows. And its headlines were:—

STOLEN COW HUNS.
MILCH COW GERMANS.
THE COW DELEGATES.
THE COWS THEY STOLE.
WELL-FED GERMAN BABIES.
JUSTICE TO FRENCH BABIES.

Thus the minds of the "Mail's" million readers were diverted from the consideration of the state of famine impending in Eastern Europe (millions have since died of it) to brood over certain wrongs done by the Germans to the French during the war. As for the debates in the Conference, they were simply boycotted. So, for the most part, has been the whole criticism of the Treaty of Versailles.

Now the gravity of Mr. Angell's argument lies in the fact that this massed power of suggestion by the popular daily Press is used for a double purpose. It is used

commercially to build up enormous properties, earning almost fabulous dividends, and carrying with it honors, titles, and other forms of State recognition of the worth of this industry, such as no other form of capitalistic enterprise enjoys in anything like the same proportion. It is used politically to maintain the existing economic order and to prevent any serious modification of it. On the one hand, it is a piece of money-making on a gigantic scale. On the other, the goods it deals in are both the most fragile and the most precious of the spiritual possessions of mankind. And how are they dealt with? Not, as we have seen, by way of reason and reflection; but by the exclusive culture of the passions and the primitive instincts of men, their hatred of what is foreign, strange, new, superficially inimical. Armed with this material, the power of suggestion has moved from one victory to another over the feelings and actions of the nation. Take one fact. For years Lord Northcliffe labored in vain to attain political influence, to give credit and substance to the growing circulation of his papers. What was the rock on which he finally built his imposing Church? On war. On the most general calamity, not of Nature's making, that ever visited mankind. In other words, this great private property interest, having climbed, by the broad way of appeal to the herd-mind, to unprecedented wealth and power, and making wealth and profits its life's aim and pursuit, has all along been entrusted with matter of a high, nay, of the highest, judicial character. The true function of journalism being the presentation of truth about facts in the general interests of society, this dominant journalism presents for the most part passionate fiction in its own moneyed interests, and does it unrestrained, and without any sense of responsibility. Mr. Walter Lippmann has well illustrated this aspect of the problem of the sensational Press in an article contributed to the "Atlantic Monthly":—

"The taking of testimony in a trial is hedged about with a thousand precautions derived from long experience of the fallibility of the witness and the prejudices of the jury. We call this, and rightly, a fundamental phase of human liberty. But in public affairs the stake is infinitely greater. It involves the lives of millions, and the fortune of everybody. The jury is the whole community, not even the qualified voters alone. The jury is everybody who creates public sentiment—chattering gossips, unscrupulous liars, congenital liars, feeble-minded people, prostitute minds, corrupting agents. To this jury any testimony is submitted, in any form, by any anonymous person, with no test of reliability, no test of credibility, and no penalty for perjury. If I lie in a lawsuit involving the fate of my neighbour's cow, I can go to jail. But if I lie to a million readers in a matter involving war and peace, I can lie my head off, and, if I choose the right series of lies, be entirely irresponsible."

It is this irresponsibility which is at the root of the trouble. How shall the world be delivered out of its bond of death to a business whose greatest trade advantage is, as Mr. Kennedy Jones said, to tempt it into war? Mr. Angell proposes several remedies with which we cannot now deal. Writing as a Socialist, he thinks that Northcliffism can always prevent the evolution of Socialism by way of a strong Labor Government; that with it democracy is an unrealizable thing. So he calls on trade unionism to take over journalism as a prime activity, and direct its seven million members and twenty million families to provide the great initial circulations on which the popular paper builds up its advertising appeal and therefore its commercial success. But we are more interested in a less novel idea for letting

* "The Press and the Organization of Society." By Norman Angell. (Labor Publishing Co. 3s. 6d.)

trade journalism live on and heal itself. By way of the Court of Honor, the Law and Medicine rose from what might have been the lowest of the scallywag trades into great professions. Cannot journalism escape Scallywaggery by itself converting the anarchy by which it thrives into a self-established and self-supported code of impartiality and truth? It would then become a chartered calling, fixing a code of professional conduct, and maintaining this honorable custom by penalties for abuse, and judgments of fact and equity, based on a

regular procedure. The alternative is a State Press. Bolshevism has flown to that particular seduction of the governing mind and will probably abandon it; and before we give up the liberty of the Press, which is its glory, in horror of the licence which has debauched it, we British will almost certainly try our saving virtue of self-government.

[We are obliged to hold over for this week the conclusion of our Article on the Mind of the Indian Native State.]

A DISINTEGRATING REVENUE.

By BROUGHAM VILLIERS.

SIR ROBERT HORNE is a worthy successor to Mr. Chamberlain. He has laid before Parliament a Budget statement which may be accepted with the same child-like faith with which its post-war predecessors have been received by the present Assembly, but would certainly have been contemptuously rejected by any House of Commons capable of safeguarding the permanent interests of the country.

For Sir Robert still ignores the fundamental fact that but for some miraculous intervention of Providence the sources from which our revenue is derived are certain to shrink, whereas as regards three hundred and sixty millions of our expenditure there is no possibility of any material decrease for a long time, and as regards another hundred millions reductions can only take place gradually during the next generation as the war pensioners die out. Both Chancellors have acted on the same vicious principle: they have attempted to balance relatively permanent expenditure with relatively impermanent revenues.

This will, perhaps, be most clearly seen by comparing Mr. Chamberlain's first peace Budget, that of 1920-21, with the statement made by Sir Robert on Monday. In the former year Mr. Chamberlain anticipated a total revenue of £1,418,300,000, of which Excess Profits Duty and Special Receipts due to sale of war stock were to give him 220 and 302 millions respectively. He hoped to be able to pay off 234 millions of debt, and this he regarded (and what is more the House of Commons accepted his preposterous contention) as a surplus! Of course, it was nothing of the kind, as probably every member of the House could have seen in the case of a similar statement by a private person. Money obtained by selling war stock is not income. A man would have as much right to think that he was getting out of debt who, after selling his piano for £50, should give his creditors thirty of them and devote the rest to current expenditure, as Mr. Chamberlain had to make such a claim. Nor is the case very much better when we consider the Excess Profits Duty. That, in the nature of the case, was a temporary source of revenue, and, like all temporary supplies, should have been treated as capital. Mr. Chamberlain's proper course was to provide for *all* expenditure out of the permanent taxes; until he could devote the whole of his receipts from two exceptional items to the redemption of debt, he had no surplus at all.

Sir Robert Horne's Budget Statement shows how false was the method of Mr. Chamberlain. In the year 1922-23 he expects to receive £910,775,000, a falling-off in income of over five hundred millions, and this

though he still hopes to obtain £117,800,000 by the temporary expedients on which Mr. Chamberlain so largely relied. As his estimated surplus is negligible, HE OUGHT RIGHTLY TO ADMIT A DEFICIT OF ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN MILLIONS, for, other things being equal, that is the state of things with which a future Chancellor would be left to deal, if he had no war stock and no Excess Profits balances to receive. If Sir Robert had imposed an extra two shillings on the Income Tax instead of taking one off, he might fairly have claimed to balance his accounts. As it is he has only prepared fresh trouble for his successors.

But though the claim might have been excusable, not being on the face of it absurd, it would nevertheless have been far too optimistic. I have argued already in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, as well as in books I have written during and since the war, that we cannot place any reliance on the present yield of our taxes as a guide to what can be obtained from them in the future. We have been passing through a period of abnormal inflation, due to quite obvious causes—inflation of currency, of profits, and of wages. Currency inflation has been only part, perhaps not the greatest part, of the thing. Circumstances placed us in a position to secure exceptional profits during and immediately after the war. The destruction of competing factories and mines abroad enabled us to exact high prices for anything we had to sell, and though our manufacturers had to pay dearly for a diminishing world supply of raw materials, they were able to recoup themselves with heavy interest for what they paid in this way. The money values of our exports and imports advanced by leaps and bounds, though the actual quantities represented by these figures showed no increase at all. For a time, we virtually shared a monopoly of the world's trade in manufactured goods with the United States. We were able to obtain such prices for export coal, for instance, from the Continent, that our unfortunate Allies, shivering beside their empty grates, began to hate us almost as much as they hated the Germans. This high export price for coal, again, acted as a protective tariff to our exporting manufacturers. It compelled the foreigner to pay dear for the most important raw material in modern industry, and frequently obliged him to stop working altogether for lack of supply.

But these circumstances were necessarily only temporary. Unfortunately they were not all equally temporary. High prices for raw materials are likely to remain far longer than high prices for manufactures: we shall have to pay dearer for what we buy even after prices for what we make and sell have fallen to something like their old level. The income of a manufacturing country is likely to be less and not more than it was before the war, and the yield of our permanent

taxes in the future obviously depends upon the earning power of the nation.

Now Sir Robert's estimated revenue for 1922-23 represents eight shillings in the pound of the total pre-war earnings of the people, and the absolutely irreducible parts of that expenditure, the Consolidated Fund and War Pensions, amount to nearly four shillings in the pound. On the incomes we have been enjoying lately, they only amount to four and two shillings respectively. Unless, therefore, the national indebtedness is reduced enormously while prices are still relatively high, it will require double the present rate of taxation to make both ends meet when things have reached a normal condition.

It is just this condition of a steadily disintegrating revenue that Coalition financiers and their allies in the House and in the Press refuse to face. It is quite clear what would have happened to Sir Robert Horne and the Coalition Government if they had dealt honestly with Parliament and the country. If Sir Robert had told the House frankly that to produce a real balance of receipts and expenditure he must increase the Income Tax by two shillings in the pound, and that to make any adequate reduction in the Debt it must be raised by three, the Coalition Government would probably have been out of office by the time this article appears. I know no more than anyone else when the Coalition will collapse, but if I cannot give the date I may venture a guess at the occasion. It will be when, the sale of war material and Excess Profits Duty having ceased, the Chancellor of the day is compelled to present an honest Budget and to ask for taxes adequate to meet it.

Sir Robert had inherited a bad tradition from Mr. Chamberlain. Encouraged, apparently, by the acquiescence of the House in the preposterous claims of his predecessor, he stated that the Government had paid off 320 millions of debt in two years, ignoring the fact brought out by Mr. Asquith that we have in the meantime sold 720 millions' worth of war stocks. Obviously, then, the country is in a worse position financially than it was two years ago. He is, however, less excusable than Mr. Chamberlain, who framed his Budgets when the income of the country was still increasing rapidly. The falling-off in the Income Tax receipts, though only amounting to eleven millions last year, together with the ominous decline in receipts from indirect taxation during the last few months, should have called his attention sharply to the dangers before him. The falling-off in the yield of the Entertainments Tax is significant of the declining prosperity of the people, and renders it probable that it will soon be impossible to collect anything like the 273 millions estimated from Customs and Excise. If so, the loss must be made up in added Income Tax, for which Sir Robert Horne deserves the blame, though some unhappy successor of his will probably receive it.

According to the Budget estimate, the Army, Navy, and Air Force are to be brought down to the minimum which Mr. Chamberlain thought necessary. Mr. Chamberlain, drawing up a tentative Budget for a "normal" year, provided under these heads for an expenditure of 135 millions, and Sir Robert Horne expects to spend 138. Nor are many further economies apparently to be expected, for Sir Robert's estimated total expenditure only exceeds Mr. Chamberlain's by about 30 millions. On the revenue side the differences are far greater, for Mr. Chamberlain expected in a "normal" year to have a balance for the reduction of debt of nearly 150 millions. Apparently it never occurred, even to him, that one of his successors would propose to pay off no debt at all. Then, however, the

General Election was far distant—which, perhaps, accounts for the difference.

Until we have a Government in power whose foreign policy is such that we can do with a mere fraction of our present outlay on armaments, there can be no important reduction in expenditure. I am convinced that we must make up our minds that we cannot continue in the armaments competition; that competition must cease, or we must be content to become a second-class Power. Any attempt to rival the United States would involve the ruin of the country. Therefore our foreign policy must be steadily directed to persuade the world to accept general disarmament. And even when that is done, we must be prepared for many years to come, not for a decrease but for a heavy increase in Income and Super Tax. This is the bald truth. But when shall we have a Chancellor bold enough to say so?

A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

I HAVE no patience with the people who talk of the Budget as if it were a fair or an honest, or even an adroit act of government. It is simply a common ramp, and our commercial men ought to tell us so. It can appraise the action of the man in the City who pays dividends out of capital or borrowed money, and concocts a surplus by the uningenious process of writing up his assets and writing down his debts. But when the man is a "statesman," handling public money, this great money-power cannot or will not see what he is at. There is no "surplus." There is simply a load of debt and embarrassment. The true financier would have fastened on the over-mastering problem of the Debt, and, calling the nation into his counsel, made a clean breast of its plight. Sir Robert Horne lacks the knowledge, or the moral courage, or the grasp of mind, to attempt such a task, and Mr. Bonar Law's empty and cynical speech merely threw a cloak of darkness over his evasion. No country is skilled in the discovery of its false prophets. But we at least ought to know financial cheap-jackery when we meet it; and we shall sweat for our light-mindedness.

A LITERARY friend, well acquainted with France, writes me as follows:—

"I had a long talk with an exceedingly intelligent French doctor the other day. He is certainly what I should call a Liberal. 'Poincaré, ce n'est pas mon homme.' The nearest to his man, he said, was Briand. I thought what he said extremely interesting as typical of what the ordinary decent Frenchman is thinking.

"(1) He is absolutely convinced of the bad faith of Germany in the matter of reparations. He believes that the Germans themselves have deliberately ruined their own exchange. I laughed at it. The next day he produced a report taken from an English paper of the recent report of our Commercial Attaché at Berlin (published by the Overseas Trade Department, I think), which certainly lent some colour to his ideas about the exchange, and the way German exporters are evading taxes.

"(2) He is equally convinced that the Russo-German treaty means war.

"(3) He believes that the Bolsheviks are simply playing a game. The moment they get their credits they will pay not the faintest attention to any engagements they may have entered into. He also believes that the big German armament manufacturers will begin producing merrily in Russian factories.

"(4) He thinks Lloyd George is a mere visionary. He accepts the fact that it is no longer possible for England and France to work together. He regrets it deeply and quite sincerely, but as he thinks it a matter

of life and death for France, he is resigned to the inevitable. What he feels most is that the separation will only make the new war come sooner. 'I hate war,' he ended, 'mais j'ai peur, j'ai peur.'

My friend concludes:—

"I only send you this because it faithfully conveys the feeling of the great majority of Frenchmen at this time. It's no use blinking the fact that most of them do feel like this, quite sincerely. The Russo-German treaty has been a tremendous shock to them, and I'm fairly certain they won't get over it."

My friend, generalizing a little on average French opinion, adds that he imagines a great deal of the acute irritation in France arises from its feeling about Mr. Lloyd George. She thinks that he is her enemy; that he plays with her, agreeing with her one moment, circumventing her the next. "Can this be a representative Englishman?" Frenchmen ask. And my friend insists that with a different, quieter, less provocative, less artful, but more truly adroit personality, France would be more amenable in policy and much less prickly in mind and attitude. A change of Government in England, he thinks, would be useful in a double sense, for France would then see that all British statesmen think more or less as Mr. George thinks about European peace, and would yet be more considerately and consistently handled.

I GREATLY doubt the story of a monopoly of the Russian oil-fields for the Shell group. It is not like the Bolsheviks to give themselves over to a monopoly when they know how keen is the competition for their favors. And they have long had ambitious schemes for exploiting the Baku field, and making a grand demonstration of what a Socialist experiment in production could do when the conditions were favorable. Months ago, Mr. Krassin traced in detail such a scheme to a company of which I was a member, and there is no reason for abandoning it now that European capital is on the look-out for good openings in Russia. For that reason there will, no doubt, be a mixed exploitation of the oil-fields, Socialist and Capitalist. But a monopoly for the Shell is hardly in the picture.

I HAVE seen M. Deschanel, when he was President of the Chamber, keeping indifferent order there by exciting appeals on his bell, and I have heard him deliver one of his little orations on a commemorative occasion. I still recall it as a wonderful piece of French, and its delivery was as exquisitely dandiacal (in the best sense) as the dress and figure of the speaker. We have lost the art of rhetoric; Mr. George revives it a little, but the classical note is gone. The French, however, never lose anything, and Deschanel had the tradition, as perfectly as the Comédie Française has the tradition of Molière. It is a thing of sound and cadence rather than of meaning; but the French sense of style manages to give the illusion of sense and feeling to its artifice. And Deschanel was adept at these performances.

I SUPPOSE some of my readers have seen the account of the slaughter of diseased cattle at Thrumpton, of their fearful sufferings, and of the grief of the people. I need not repeat the sickening tale here; but the most horrible part of it, to my mind, is the account of how one or two of the animals, bloody, half-blind, terribly mutilated by their amateur slaughterers, broke away from them and sought refuge in a stream, and how their luckless herd went to seek them, called to them, and how, to the familiar note, the animals came meekly back to receive a more merciful death. The dread which

cattle owners and herds have of inhuman slaughtering by blundering executors of Foot and Mouth Disease Orders is no new thing. One old farmer well remembered the killing of a pedigree herd of his own; and years after the event could not speak of it without tears. I do not, however, make the reference simply to awake emotion, but to direct a little more light on to the poor manning and bad organization—long notorious—of the Board of Agriculture. Lord Lee knew something of the business of humane slaughtering. Perhaps his successor will acquire a little, and abate these cruelties.

HOLIDAY MOODS:—

Life is like the story of the slave-girl in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" who leapt from one ice-floe to another in the river to escape her hunter on the shore.

Most people are tactful when they dare not be anything else.

If no one had ever kissed and told, poetry and art would never have existed.

Oh, fools and pedants, who think that because the wise man is discreet for others, he will never be indiscreet for himself!

Dogs and children make cupboard love look perfect, because they never disguise it.

The good controversialist is he who knows exactly how true the other side is.

The Jews were the first Christians. It seems quite possible that they will be the last.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

"THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND"

KINGLAKE tells us in "Eothen" that, when first he crossed the frontier into Turkish territory (it is Serbian now), "the one of his party that seemed to be most out of keeping with the rest of the scene was Methley's Yorkshire servant, who always rode doggedly on in his pantry jacket, looking out for 'gentlemen's seats.'" In those days it was a natural expectation. What valet—what Englishman—could imagine a country in which "gentlemen's seats" did not predominate? If man made the town and God made the country, it was surely part of the immutable design to embellish the country with "gentlemen's seats," as with "the decent church that topped the neighboring hill." They were part of the eternal order of things. "What should we do without them?" one can imagine Methley's Yorkshire servant saying, as Mr. Squeers said of Nature. For generations past all English people have known them—those beautiful mansions, Elizabethan, Jacobean, Queen Anne, Georgian, and even Victorian in style, called such-and-such "Abbey," if their land was originally plundered from the Church, or "The Towers," "The Hall," "The Manor," or "The Place," if the land had come into the Family's possession by less sacrilegious means.

"In my Father's house are many mansions"—it is an unfortunate translation, for the pious poor, hearing the sentence read in church, naturally pictured Heaven as a glorified England in which each deserving person would have a fair chance of living like the Squire in the Hall. There stood the lodge gates. The long gravel "drive" led through the grassy Park, a haunt of fallow deer wandering or couching deep in fern among immemorial oaks. It led past the walled garden where peaches, apricots, and purple plums ripened in the sun, and the glass-houses and conservatories sheltered the

fruitful vines and exotic lilies. It led past velvet lawns, mowed and watered and rolled for centuries, and through geometric flower gardens, brilliant as the rainbow. And so the welcoming porch was reached, the door opening wide as a friendly heart, the ready footman, the obsequious butler, the large hall, flagged with white stone and hung with the heads and horns of ancestral deer. On each side extended the living rooms—the drawing-room, the dining-room, the panelled library, the quiet study, hung with fishing rods; and, at the back, steps led down to the kitchens and servants' hall. One mounted the broad staircase, with its ancient balustrade of carved oak inlaid with brass, to the long series of comfortable bedrooms, redolent of well-aired linen—*spes tanta nepotum*, as Æneas said of the bed-chambers in Priam's palace. If you wish to learn of greater splendor still, read Disraeli's "Lothair" and his other novels *passim*.

But now the "gentlemen's seats" are fading away, and in a few years Methley's Yorkshire servant in his pantry jacket might ride through England itself and look out for them in vain. Their "places" will know them no more. However Radical one may be, one cannot say farewell without a touch of regret. Matthew Arnold called them "outposts of barbarism," and so they were. Killing things of one kind or another—stags, grouse, pheasants, partridges, foxes, fish, or even rats—was the main employment of their inhabitants; but whereas genuine barbarians usually kill things for food or clothing, these amateur barbarians usually killed for the fun known as sport. This employment (being open-air, active, and sometimes stimulating even to the mind), coupled with copious and wholesome food, kept them as a rule very healthy—far more healthy than most barbarians that the writer has lived among. No doubt they were barbarian in their totemism, their religious faith in the family and the caste, their belief in the natural rights of rank and property, especially "real" property. As landlords and magistrates they were often worse than village tyrants. They refused to build cottages; they regarded birds and beasts as their "game"; they exiled men and women who could not swallow their views on Church and State, but were infected with fancy religions and political notions.

They were as barbarian as you please—amateur barbarians, as we said—exercising the barbarian's qualities, but not depending upon them for their livelihood. Yet, say what one will, we watch their departure from the world with a certain sorrow. After all, they were good "stock." They observed a fairly high standard of honesty among themselves; they took an interest—not always an intelligent interest—in public affairs. Following the example of William the Conqueror, who loved the great deer as though he had been their father, they loved the animals and birds they slaughtered. All knew everything about horses, and some knew a good deal about cattle, sheep, and crops. Their chief occupation was, on the whole, higher than speculation and money-making, at which, indeed, they were usually unfortunate when they tried. They did not spread culture through the country, as in one of his wildest moments Wordsworth said the clergy did; far from that! But one may suppose they spread a certain politeness of manners and decency of behavior. Even the Land Reformer might find a kind word for them now.

For they are going, going, and soon we shall say "gone!" The war has killed off many of the heirs, and even whole families. For they were a gallant people, they knew the meaning of *noblesse oblige*; and they never shirked fighting for the country in which they had enjoyed the very best that could be got. Since the peace, taxation in payment for the war has rapidly brought them down to "moderate means," if not to poverty, and "the stately homes of England" have become merchandise. How much of this island's surface has been sold or changed hands within the last three years? It is an interesting question, not very difficult to solve. We may at least say that, owing to the break-up of ancestral properties, a social change has passed over the country similar to the changes at the Reformation and after the introduction of steam into industry. Look at

the back page of the "Times" and its column called "Estate Market" any day of the week. What stately homes you will see depicted in those photographs! What extent of acreage with woods and lakes and forests and rivers, full of all kinds of "game," in those advertisements of freehold properties for sale! Let us take only a few instances occurring within the last week or fortnight, remembering that the same class of advertisements has been issued for three years past. In one single page of the "Times," occupied by the announcements of one single firm, we find the following: Ingmire Hall, on a North Yorkshire border, castellated manor house dating from early sixteenth century, with 5,000 acres, hunting, trout and salmon fishing, thirty grazing farms, cottages and woodland; Slains Castle and Longhaven, in Aberdeenshire, with 7,200 acres, grouse moor, salmon and sea fishing; Hawkstone, in Shropshire, with 1,285 acres, various lakes, golf course, shooting and hunting; Glenfinart, in Argyllshire, with 7,356 acres, fishing, timber, and varied sport; the Hamilton estates, 30,744 acres, with advantages beyond description; Llanarmon estate, including "Llanarmon Towers," twenty-three farms, woodland, grouse moors, sheepwalks, and everything desirable; Claremont, in Surrey, almost a royal residence, with the classic house that Clive built, 502 acres, farms, parks, and lake; Holme Lacy, in Herefordshire, a wonder for beauty even among English houses, and still holding 343 acres, though already stripped of most of its vast estates and treasures; Crawfordton, in Dumfriesshire, including the "Baronial Mansion" and several other residences, with 3,940 acres; Sudbourne Hall, in Suffolk, with eighteenth-century mansion and 7,650 acres; Orford Castle, in Suffolk, a large part of the village of Orford, and twenty farms; Colworth, in Bedfordshire, with mansion in Italian style, 2,300 acres, timbered park, model racing stables, nine corn-growing and grazing holdings, the greater part of the village of Souldrop, and all delights; North Berwick estate, in East Lothian, with ruins of Tantallon Castle, 2,500 acres, within easy reach of seven golf courses; Cassiobury Park, in Hertfordshire, not far from London, with historical family mansion, ancient home of the Earls of Essex, and 870 acres of park, farm, and so on.

So much for the advertisements on one single page, and the writer has marked over forty more to quote as occurring within the last fortnight in the "Times" alone. But no more evidence is needed. Everyone who knows England and Scotland is aware of this immense change. The recent Report of the Commission on Scottish Deer Forests points the same way, for it shows even they have decreased since the war, and the demand for renting them is not what it was. A certain type of the British race is dying out, and no one can yet say what the result may be. If the big estates are purchased by profiteers, it will be many generations before their descendants can occupy the position of the "family," and for years they will be regarded with a mixture of suspicion and contempt. That many mansions are converted into schools, mad asylums, and similar institutions is small consolation. If the farms and holdings, as is very common, are purchased by the farmers, it will be hard for them to carry on upon the old standard of cultivation, since they will have put all their capital into the purchase money; in fact, they are finding it very hard already. But probably, by one means or another, they will win through, and it may be that people already born will see England transformed into a land of small owners, something after the French model. Will the British small owners become as conservative, as bigoted, and as bloodthirsty in thrift as the ordinary French peasant? If they do, it will imply an incalculable change in our national character. But if not, the thoughtful patriot may not regret the immense revolution now going on before our eyes, however much the lover of beauty and "stately homes," with manners to match, may regret it. During the war a prominent English Land Reformer said to the writer: "If the people do not rise in revolt against our land system when the peace comes, I shall retire from public life." To all appearance, he may now retain his seat in Parliament if he can. The people have not risen in revolt. But the revolution goes on.

A LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE.

AN observer who tried to assess the contemporary English sense of social values would find himself baffled and confused by an astounding diversity of opinion. Sects and oracles, from Guild Socialism to Lord Sydenham, compete for his attention. The welter, not merely of ideas, but of new ideas, is perhaps the most important index to the temper of the English mind. Not less remarkable is the mood of that mind. Apart from a small segment of whom Sir Henry Wilson is the mouthpiece, there is hardly a shade of opinion not committed to some doctrine of social and international amelioration. That, it may be added, is the secret of Lord Robert Cecil's prestige. The common man recognizes in him one who is seeking to wrest a moral order from the chaos of hatreds or antagonisms. He is thought to have shaken himself free from the spiritual legacy of the war. He is separated from the making of war, and, more important, from the manner in which the peace was made. That is why, at the moment, Lord Robert probably represents the best mind of England more adequately than any other outstanding public man.

The transition from such observation to the mind and temper of the French people is abrupt. Here, whatever else be lacking, unity at least there is. In the boulevard as in the Chamber of Deputies, in the café as in the university lecture-room, two enemies are observed: safeguards against Russia and Germany are, one is told, the imperative need of the time. Few seem to doubt the approach of a new war; at least be it made certain that France will fight from a position of advantage. There is a kind of fever in the French blood which makes argument akin to insult against the sufferings France has endured. Speak of a new Europe, and you are told that a new Europe was made at Versailles. Speak of the Russian famine, and you are reminded of the desertion of Brest-Litovsk. Germany is still a figure uniquely evil; the origin of all wrong and suffering, prosperous in fact, and falsely declaring herself bankrupt to win the pity of soft-hearted England. Yet not entirely soft-hearted. For having destroyed the German Fleet, England has no menace to confront; while the France that lost a million of her sons will soon, perhaps isolated, be defending once more her heritage of freedom and justice. Everywhere the mood is one of self-pity. The foreigner cannot measure the sacrifices France has made. He cannot grasp the strength of those subtle forces that make for dissolution. He does not realize the need of enforcing the lesson of justice written into the clauses of Versailles. If there is disharmony in Europe, it is because Versailles has not been enforced. Only let French troops sweep into the Ruhr, and Russia be brought to her senses. Then the equilibrium of Europe will return.

Such is the common language; and in the mouths of responsible statesmen it does not lose its harshness. M. Poincaré is the fit instrument of this temper. Hatred of Germany possesses him. Only her suicide would convince him of her goodwill. Not, one gathers, that he is prepared, whatever his desires, to court recklessly the isolation his speeches imply. He would rejoice if England agreed to go into the Ruhr; he does not like the prospect of going there alone. But if he hesitates in private, the Chamber is there to make him feel that a few bold speeches may give him the courage to act; or an interpellation from M. Tardieu reminds him that the ante-rooms to the Chamber can provide him with a successor. One hears little now of M. Briand, though it is said that he moves steadily, if surreptitiously, to the Left. One hears not at all of M. Caillaux. It is the Right of Force that is enthroned; and the statesmen are still too much enchained by memories of the war to see anything save weakness in a return to Reason.

It is force which determines the attitude of France to other countries. Of England men speak much, always in a note of disillusion. Mr. Lloyd George arouses only baffled indignation; and, since other figures in our political life are largely discounted or unknown, England is fast becoming the *perfidie Albion* of an earlier time. America the French, quite frankly, do not understand. They resent her disappointment at Ver-

sailles. They resent, almost as an American affront, the sorry figure they cut at the Washington Conference. They resent, perhaps above all, the withdrawal of American troops from the Rhine. Russia is spoken of with mingled horror and fear. Her unparalleled sufferings awaken no pity. Men speak of the debts that must be paid, and of the crimes of the Soviet. But the newspapers never mention the famine, and there is no organization of relief.

Nor does the opposition to this dominant temper command any wide respect. French Labor is divided into many camps, chiefly engaged in exposing each other's errors. The Government has no need to fear Labor; it has ceased even to trouble the surface of opinion. The rebels are of two sorts. Those who, like M. Barbusse, represent the intellectual protest against this nightmare of force are fine and eager souls, and they have put into fine and eager books their sense that a new era must be born. But they have no definite programme and no clear ideas. They strike great attitudes, but they are preachers in an empty cathedral. The Socialists are in a helpless position. They are written down in the streets as defeatists, which is the French synonym for those who love peace; and defeatism is in France the last sin. The Communists represent only themselves; and their Communism is little more than a profound emotional excitement at the spectacle of a proletarian republic. They are the Jacobins in spiritual exile after the Restoration of Louis XVIII. They meet to reiterate their faith. They unite to replenish their enthusiasm. But they are completely out of touch with the temper of their time.

Nor does the cultivated intelligence of France impress one as the source from which one day light may come. In England, on the whole, youth, both in letters and the universities, is on the side of reconstruction. But in France there is either no political sense in literature at all or, where it exists, it is on the side of reaction. With honorable and distinguished exceptions like MM. Aulard and Charles Gide, the universities have nothing to offer. Even so notable a man as M. Duguit constructs a jurist doctrine which seems rather like a travesty of German writers he cannot have read than a sober essay in legal science. The economists fall upon each other's heels in their anxiety to disprove Mr. Keynes's thesis; and from no university professor has come so sober an analysis as that of Signor Nitti. Indeed, the dominant impression of the university is that it has returned to the pre-war epoch. Its thoughts have not been revised. Its eyes have seen no new visions. The treatises of its professors are, for the most part, merely restatements of some ancient theme. Nor have its students been won to the party of the future. One does not discover amongst them the idealism which makes the youth of Oxford and Cambridge give of their best to Labor. There is not a touch of the *liaison* between worker and thinker which in England has made the Workers' Educational Association a prophecy of a better time.

No generalizations, of course, are true which are not modified by exception. Certain men and certain schools stand out in France as sources of a hope that may one day bear fruition. One thinks of men like Maxime Leroy, whose writings discern with gladness the prospect of a society ordered in terms of service. Or one pays a tribute of respect to the Catholic democrat, Marc Sagnier, to whom religion overpasses the limits of nationality and implies a sense of Europe. The old discontent with the patent vices of French Parliamentarism, the desire for relief from the tyranny of the deputy, shows signs of revival. In a sense, the growth of extremist doctrine among the trade unions is, above all, an effort to recover the more generous aspirations of the period of war. One can even think of distinguished names who know better than their silence would imply. The interest in Einstein, which is real and well nourished, suggests that French science is beginning to realize that knowledge has no frontiers; and it was an ex-Prime Minister, M. Painlevé, who was most generous in his welcome. Nor must it ever be forgotten that the greatest of living Frenchmen is fighting the battle of Europe. Anatole France is true to the heritage of

Voltaire. Old now, a little fragile, he is still fired by the love of truth and the hatred of wrong no less warmly than of old. To-day, as in the old Dreyfus days, his pen is at the service of freedom.

Yet these men have still to get a hearing. Doctrines born of hatred and fear hold the field. The speech which bids defiance to our hopes of a new Europe still wins popular applause. France is too fixed in the contemplation of her wrongs to know the injustice she is inflicting upon Europe. She is still dazzled by the completeness of her victory, and she does not understand that she has imposed a Carthaginian peace. Perhaps, when she is convinced that Europe is thinking of the future, she will cease to brood upon the past. Not perhaps at Genoa, but assuredly in its aftermath, she will be brought to realize the abyss which separates her from the mind of Europe. She wants passionately the continuance of the Entente. If she is deliberately taught that she must pay a price for it, there are men who will then be bold enough to demand that the price be paid. In that hour the policy of exasperation of which M. Poincaré is protagonist will be revealed, even to Frenchmen, for the evil thing that it is.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

Letters to the Editor.

ANTI-TYPHOID INOCULATION.

SIR,—I do not think that the medical profession will make any official answer to Dr. Hadwen's article in "Truth." Neither he nor I can boast of eminence in our profession. Only, it has been my business for many years to note the sort of things which he says. For instance, in a recent number of the journal of his Anti-Vivisection Society, I find him saying:—

1. "Haffkin's vaccine against cholera has earned the unenviable notoriety of its use being invariably followed by an increase of cholera, whether in India or elsewhere."

2. "It is very doubtful if there is any such disease as rabies."

3. "Hydrophobia is merely a form of tetanus, and has a similar origin."

4. "It is more than probable that many of our wounded soldiers suffered far more from the tetanus-antitoxin which was injected into them on the battlefield than from the result of their wounds."

5. "No one is so gullible as a 'scientific man.' Fools are much more common among educated men than they are among uneducated. Scientists are the slaves of fashion and the prey of the ignorant and unscrupulous."

I have also come across him saying that Lord Lister floated into the House of Lords on a sea of carbolic spray: that Pasteur's work was the mumbblings of a semi-paralyzed brain: and that "Syphilis has increased fourfold in young people since the passing of the Vaccination Act, and has declined with marvellous rapidity in proportion as the public have refused to avail themselves of this filthy and dangerous nostrum."

You can hardly expect the medical profession to take Dr. Hadwen seriously. I come now to the statements which you formulate.

1. You say that inoculation against typhoid was unavailing among our men in the absence of good water and proper sanitation. This statement is absolutely false. Among our Expeditionary Force in France and Belgium up to October 25th, 1917, the annual admission-ratio per 1,000 for typhoid was nineteen times greater among the non-protected than among the protected. The death-rate was eighty-four times greater.

2. You refer to the amount of typhoid in the French Army in the first winter of the war. On this point, Sir Anthony Bowlby has said that "the incidence of enteric fever was small among our men, as a result of treatment. Unfortunately for the French Army in the early days of the war, they had been obliged to make an experiment on a colossal scale. There was no time to inoculate the soldiers, and, to a great extent, at the beginning of the war the French Army was an uninoculated Army. The result was

that between August 1st and April they had as many as 60,000 cases of enteric."

3. You refer to Gallipoli. Our men were inoculated against typhoid, but not against para-typhoid. The number of cases of typhoid was small: the number of cases of para-typhoid was very large. After Gallipoli our men came to Egypt, and there were inoculated against para-typhoid, with admirable results.

4. Your other statements, including the assertion about disguised statistics, and the suggestion of large commercial interests, I must leave to your readers. Only give me leave to say that the Research Defence Society will gladly send literature to any applicant, and answer any questions. Address, The Secretary, Research Defence Society, 11, Chandos Street, London, W. 1.—Yours, &c.,

STEPHEN PAGET,
Vice-Chairman R.D.S.

[We shall reply later.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

[We are obliged to hold over several other letters.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

Poetry.

THE HUMAN ALTITUDE.

WHEN I catch myself agape
Grinning at a Barbary ape,
Or assuming hatred lies
In the hungry tiger's eyes;
When I call the vulture "vile,"
Or "devilish" the crocodile;
Tigers "cruel," camel's humps
"Ugly," or the roseate rumps
Which baboons so proudly show
As they swing from bough to bough;
When I call the boar "malicious,"
Kite "revolting," grizzly "vicious,"
"Quaint" the lithe prehensile nose
The elephant so blithely blows;
When I say of birds—"The he-male
Warbles to attract the she-male,"
Or "Brute beasts are soulless," I
Do not merely simply lie—
I commit a sheer enormity
Like one jeering at deformity—
I curse the day and bless the night;
In short, I sin against the light.
When I reluctantly arise,
Breakfast, after exercise,
With dispassionate disdain,
And breathlessly approach my train,
With my bowler on and spats;
Do the sparrows, dogs, and cats
Mock me in amused delight?
No, they don't, but well they might.
Animals have no pretence
Veiling their indifference.
They don't overeat nor whine,
Label all things "yours" and "mine."
Never vulgar, avaricious,
Sentimental, superstitious;
Never snobbish, vengeful, vain,
Pleasure they accept, and pain.
Vice is unknown, filth abhorred.
They do good without reward.
When their lives on earth are done,
Happily, I think, they run
Over death's dividing dark,
Where those saints who ran the Ark—
Noah and Japhet, Ham and Shem—
Probably look after them.

GEOFFREY DEARMER.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE Budget contained no surprise for the City, for a shilling off the standard rate of Income Tax, fourpence off tea, and cheaper postage were generally expected. In the happily turned phrase of a critic, the Chancellor "produced the maximum of Parliamentary effect out of a minimum of financial material." The material was slender indeed. Sir Robert Horne announced a prospective surplus of £46 millions on the old basis of taxation. His plan is to give the taxpayer the whole of this relief and so to achieve a bare balance, without devoting one penny to debt reduction. But the balance is more than precarious, for it rests on estimates which include such optimistic figures as £90 millions for special receipts, and, on the expenditure side, only £25 millions for those insidious supplementary estimates which, in the past three years, have eaten up over £100 millions per annum on the average. Financial purists naturally condemn the proposals as unsound and find a great stumbling-block in the suspension of the sinking fund. It cannot, they argue, do otherwise than damage British credit. But City men in the bulk were no less set upon Income Tax reduction than were the "Daily Mail" and the Federation of British Industries, and they are prepared not to look too closely at the price of such relief. Certainly the Chancellor was faced by a dilemma. Tax relief and unimpeachable financial orthodoxy were in this case wholly incompatible, and some at least of his critics here feel relieved that he has resisted the major temptation of funding the pensions bill, and so providing tax alleviation on a real electioneering scale. They say he has remained within shouting distance of sound finance, and has given the taxpayer a little easement.

A LEGITIMATE GAMBLE?

On the whole, I find a disposition among some observers in financial circles to withhold the condemnation which this style of budgeting would receive from them in times of less stress. The disquieting view is the long view. Unless something unforeseen occurs, there will be deficit this year; next year will give Sir Robert or his successor sleepless nights; and possibly for years the country will struggle along, with little or no margin either for debt reduction or for emergencies which are only too likely to arise. On a shorter view there is some inclination to concede legitimacy to the gamble on which the Chancellor, under pressure by industry and the Press, has entered. Industrial leaders have told him that Income Tax alleviation will stimulate trade and enterprise, and send revenue flowing into the Exchequer from other sources. He is giving it a trial. If it comes off, his Budget will achieve at least some measure of justification. There is also the possibility that the precarious revenue outlook will spur the Government on to the elimination of waste, and cause the Cabinet to eye askance such activities as those of Mr. Churchill in the Middle East. For, with a deficit in prospect, with financial purists already aroused, and with the business community unsatisfied with the morsel of relief given, supplementary estimates will not be popular even in the present House of Commons.

An interesting minor change in the Budget is the proposal to make all employees return their Income Tax on the latest year and not on the three years' average. Thus, the Treasury proposes to save the less unpopular portion of last year's abandoned Revenue Bill. The Treasury will lose on it at first, but the change has certain material advantages. While on minor points, it may be noted as a curious omission that the Chancellor appears not to have mentioned in his speech the proposed removal of the sugar excise.

THE RUBBER OUTLOOK.

A correspondent wants to know whether the shares of Anglo-Dutch Plantations of Java are a suitable purchase

at the present moment. The first part of the answer is that, if the rubber market is to be entered at all at present, Anglo-Dutch shares are as sound and safe a holding as can be found. The company has large assets and resources, is well conducted, is perfectly able to weather a further period of depression, and is proportionately more interested in crops other than rubber than most plantation companies. But a full answer brings us face to face with the rubber outlook as a whole. Recently, rubber shares have been slightly more active, thereby reflecting the belief that the dawn of better days is approaching. But as yet the price of the raw commodity remains disappointingly weak. The rubber shareholder, like other people, must wait for general trade recovery before he builds castles in the air. But the outlook is not without hopeful points. Through the stress of necessity, costs of production have been forced down to levels which would have been thought impossible a few years back; and the benefit of this process will eventually be reaped. But how long a wait is still ahead it is impossible to tell. Consumption in the United States, and to a much lesser degree on the Continent, is rising, but world consumption has still a long, uphill journey to take. This much may fairly safely be said. When a revival of consumption does at last begin to send up the price of the commodity substantially, the optimism thereby generated is likely to cause a rise in rubber share quotations beyond intrinsic merit in many cases. At least, that is the teaching of Stock Exchange history. On the whole, the rubber industry has so far weathered the storm better than was expected. I am inclined to think that quotations of shares in strong companies will not fall much below present levels, and strong revival (though it may still be long delayed) may come sooner than pessimists expect. But a purchaser to-day, who is looking for capital appreciation, must be prepared for long waiting if necessary, and should make his selection only after close study of companies that have strong cash positions, and have got through the last year or two with credit. The modest investor, whose capital is mainly placed in solid, fixed-interest bearing securities, cannot be accused of rashness if he mixes with his list some shares in a strong dividend-paying concern like Anglo-Dutch, and his reward, if not immediate, may easily be substantial if he is prepared to wait.

BUDGET AND THE MARKETS.

The Stock Markets had fairly accurately discounted the effects of the Budget, but the translation of expectation into certainty caused the tone to be good, and Conversion Loan and tea shares in particular benefited. But otherwise there was no great advance, though brokers after their May Day holiday found large accumulation of orders. The monthly calculation of the "Bankers' Magazine" shows that between March 20th and April 18th 387 representative securities rose in value by £324,000,000, fixed-interest stocks rising by 4½ per cent., and variable-dividend securities by 7.6 per cent. Among the latter the most notable appreciation occurred in tramways and omnibus, iron, coal, and steel, and rubber shares, and British and Indian railway ordinary stocks, while the general commercial and industrial group also participated strongly in the advance.

Arrangements for the Brazilian Loan, so long talked of, have been completed this week. The London portion is £7,000,000 7½ per cent. sterling bonds at 97. It will be secured on coffee, with a suitable margin maintained, and the yield of 7½ per cent., in view of the good security, is attractive. The week has also seen the offer for sale of 7,000,000 7 per cent. redeemable cumulative preference shares in the Mexican Eagle Oil Company, at the price of 20s. 6d. per share. The offer was quickly absorbed, and the shares are likely to go to a premium in due course. New South Wales is celebrating cheaper money by offering £5,000,000 of 4½ per cent. stock at 95, while an issue of £4,000,000 Lever Brothers Debentures 5 per cent. at 92½ has been underwritten.

L. J. R.



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The World of Books.

It was a lucky thing for history that Herodotus not only enjoyed good stories, but, more important still, was himself a very entertaining fact. And, but for Thucydides, perhaps only scholars would be interested in the Peloponnesian War, and certainly that self-destruction of a civilization would not startle us, as now it does, through fancied glimpses among those old shadows of figures we think we have met. It was a chance witness who became the memory of mankind for the significance of that tragedy, and gave to an early world-war a sense of foreboding, the sense that all concerned in it, whatever emotion impelled them, moved inevitably to a fate which was predestined by their own hearts.

It must be admitted, though with regret, that human affairs appear to have no significance, to be idle happenings, related to the courses of the stars in the same way as an earthquake or a flood, unless they chance to attract the interest of a mind which can give them another life. The four thousand years of the Egyptians have an interest for few but the archaeologists; yet Egypt from Menes onwards must have experienced great adventures, and its spectres may be pointing their wisdom directly at us; but we cannot see them. Egypt is tombs. It had no Homer—or we have not learned that it had such a poet—and so the Egyptians seem hardly human to us. As for the Sumerians, whatever may have been their valor and the splendor of their achievements, the desert keeps the secret. So, though we ourselves are as important as ever was the greatest of the Pharaohs and his people, we are beginning to suspect our importance is not relevant; and to learn also that though we have been seared so deeply by the past years that we fancy we have an admonition which concerns all the generations to follow us, yet there is no reason why the desert should not add us to the Sumerians. The lessons we have learned might, if we could communicate them, give light to mankind; yet no light may come.

YET it seems so easy for the lamp to be lighted that we feel sure someone who knows how will do the trick. If, for instance, the right historian would but give us the story of a well-trying Division which would stand as testimony for all the men who went to France! Alas! not a narrative we read but seems poor to the stuff we ourselves know, but cannot write. Only last week-end, while standing by the door of a railway carriage seeing away an ex-officer who hobbles (his wife had assured us she thought he was forgetting his experiences in France),

that man unexpectedly relinquished a yarn to us which destroyed a view of the war held by one of his listeners. The story took ten minutes, and those who heard it are never likely to shake it out of the memory. Its impact struck like an indictment of humanity. Yet it came as a monotonous whispering from a man who seemed tired. And to think that all this material is drifting out, as it were, with the tide! When I picked up recently a new volume, "The Q-Ships and their Story," by Mr. E. Keble Chatterton (Sidgwick & Jackson, 12s. 6d.), it was with the thought that here, anyhow, was something that was salvaged. Once it was my good fortune to board a "Q" ship—as early as the spring of 1915. I don't think they were known by that letter in those days. I didn't guess she was anything unusual when I boarded her; and, indeed, should never have known it if her nature had not been gradually and discreetly revealed to me, together with a thing or two she had done. There was no need then to persuade a sharer to keep such a secret, for probably nobody but a German would have believed the tale; and as so many of us were prudent enough to keep out of earshot of the treacherous foe, the secret was safe, naturally, in my keeping.

YET I fear that few will remember the adventures of the "Q" ships from Mr. Chatterton's record. It is, like a memorial tablet, merely a record. It appeals less to the imagination than if one happened on one of the old craft again, busy this time loading clay at Fowey. I am not sure whether I know what is missing from Mr. Chatterton's narrative, unless it is the feeling of actuality. The adventures of those ships are not *seen*. Their men, we hear, were heroic, and were well decorated for their deeds. But surely they were something else as well as heroic. We learn, for example, that sometimes they went mad. Unfortunately, it is not unusual for us to regard the deeds of heroes as we do the mythical behavior of the gods. Those fine fellows live in another world than this. Yet suppose we had but known the "heroes" were rather like ourselves in every way—except that, under luck, their self-same qualities were tried by dangers we have never met? That might make a difference to our interest.

COMPARE the record of events so remarkable with another recent book, having for a title one that should at once discredit it—"Small Talk at Wreyland," by Cecil Torr (Cambridge University Press, 9s.). This is a second volume of things remembered, of notes and jottings, by a scholar in a Devonshire parish. It would be hard to say why we enjoyed this book. There is nothing so exciting even as an air-raid in it. Yet its simple references to some German prisoners have a validity that might be lacking in a serious and important treatise. But Mr. Torr apparently has no standard by which he measures things for their importance or unimportance. He watches the community about him with enjoyment, and somehow could communicate to us a sense of the personality and relativity of one of its wheelbarrows. Natural selection in literature has a sad way of forgetting a great victory, and preserving an old wheelbarrow seen by a poet in the corner of a farmyard.

H. M. T.

Short Studies.

WRANGEL.

"VALENTINE: A man I am, cross'd with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments. . . ."
—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

OF the four serious invasions of Soviet Russia since the end of 1917, the one that most nearly succeeded was under the leadership of General Baron Wrangel, whose failure was due to political rather than military causes, and furnishes a convincing proof of the stability of the Government he attempted to overthrow. Wrangel's army invaded South Russia, and eventually fell back on the Crimea, where it remained until November, 1920, when it was conveyed by sea, together with thousands of civilian refugees, to Constantinople. Since the end of 1920, Wrangel has had his Headquarters in Constantinople, and has paid visits to Jugo-Slavia and other Balkan States, where some of his soldiers have been received as settlers.

Although descended from a long line of soldiers, Peter Wrangel is not a professional soldier. He served as an officer in the "Chevalier Garde" for the period required under the compulsory military service law in Russia, and then became a civil engineer. Rejoining the army for the Russo-Japanese War, he reached the rank of major, again reverting to civilian life after the Peace of Portsmouth. At the beginning of the World War he was still a major; but rapid promotion followed, and was well deserved. Wrangel's military ability is unquestioned, and his personality marks him out as a real leader of men. At the time of the first revolution in Russia he was commanding a division of Cossacks; this division was one of the last to be affected—in fact, some remnants of it remained loyal to their chief up to the bitter end.

Wrangel is tall and thin; his appearance in Cossack uniform is striking; thus attired he is a type of the Russian chieftain made familiar by operas and ballets. His face recalls vaguely that of President Wilson; it is younger, more masculine, and less intellectual, but the contour is the same. At times, when the full, restless eyes are fixed, when the large, bony hand is outstretched, this man presents a curious resemblance to Epstein's statue of the Risen Christ. Both look and attitude convey, without the least hint of pose, an impression of haughty detachment and defiance; sorrow there is, but more reproachful than regretful; failure, so far from humbling, has, it would seem, conferred the right to admonish and to warn. Wrangel is utterly convinced that he was justified in making civil war; his convictions are sincere, although they may belong to the category of those which, in the words of Nietzsche, are more dangerous to truth than lies.

A yacht on the Bosphorus is the seat of Wrangel's Government—a Government in name only, described as such by courtesy, having no rights, and no longer recognized, since it can neither be a useful ally nor a formidable foe. The subjects of this Government are some tens of thousands of unarmed soldiers, scattered throughout the Balkans or living at Gallipoli, Lemnos, and Tchataldja, in internment camps. To see these men, Wrangel has to obtain permission from the French military authorities. His financial resources being exhausted, he cannot even feed them, much less pay them. At the same time, thousands of Russian women and children, who came from Russia with Wrangel and share his exile, are living on charity in Constantinople.

Not the least amazing feature in the situation is that considerable sums of Russian money are available for the maintenance, in Constantinople and other capitals, of Embassies and Legations having no connection with the Government in Moscow. These funds are inaccessible save to a privileged few, of whom Wrangel is not one. People talk with bated breath of Koltchak's treasure, saved from the Bolsheviks during his retreat; of a Black Sea Fleet, with cargoes of great value, handed over to

the French; and of millions of dollars, loaned by America to Kerensky's short-lived Government, as though they were the private property of custodians who, in many cases, are self-appointed.

Koltchak's treasure must have disappeared long since in the vortex of Vladivostock; the Black Sea Fleet is undoubtedly in French keeping, but its money value is probably exaggerated, and will, in any case, be set against the cost of rations supplied to Wrangel's army; the dollars from America should be more tangible. It is said that the Russian ex-official who holds them is M. Bakmétiéff, at one time Kerensky's representative at Washington. This gentleman is the second Ambassador of that name. Bakmétiéff the First represented the late Tsar, and seems to have had a ready wit; when asked if his successor and supplanter was a relative, he replied that their relationship was no closer than that between George Washington and his namesake with the Christian name of Booker. Bakmétiéff the First might have given financial help to Wrangel, had the dollars been loaned to the Imperial Government; Bakmétiéff the Second prefers another Russian Government outside Russia, whose Headquarters are at Paris, and which enjoys a form of recognition. The mystery about these funds is artificial, but the atmosphere which surrounds them is murky and international; they will be used some day, unless already spent on refugee diplomatists and Governments, to start another invasion of Soviet Russia.

It is unlikely that Wrangel will take any further part in counter-revolutionary activities. He is too straightforward for the tortuous methods of international plotters, and his principal preoccupation is to do the best he can for the soldiers who followed him into exile. He has suffered much, and has few illusions left; his bitter hostility towards the French would make it difficult for him to work in leading-strings whose ends were pulled in Paris.

In all human probability, Wrangel will never tell the full story of his evacuation of the Crimea. He may write his memoirs, like other generals, but he will find it difficult to explain certain points. If, for example, he were asked why he abandoned an almost impregnable position, he might reply that his army was dispirited, that the administrative services required reorganization, and that a period of enforced inaction in close proximity to the enemy would have exposed his troops to Bolshevik contagion. These explanations would not satisfy any military man who had studied the situation. The retention of this foothold in Russia was all-important and worth any sacrifice. No sacrifice was made, nor any serious effort to hold the Perekop Peninsula. Moreover, Wrangel denies that he was driven out of Russia like Denikin; on the contrary, he insists that he left of his own free will. The conclusion is irresistible that considerations which were not purely military induced him to withdraw his army to Constantinople.

What those considerations were can only be conjectured on the basis of the character and outlook of this man. Wrangel believed that he was Europe's chosen instrument for the overthrow of Bolshevism. He was encouraged in this belief by the French Government and certain British politicians. He knew that Constantinople was weakly garrisoned and a bone of contention between the Allies; he had heard that intrigue was rife in the city which had been promised as part of the spoils of victory to the Government of the murdered Tsar. Europe was in a turmoil and exhausted by the war. Statesmanship was in abeyance and political morality at a discount. The Imperial throne of Russia was vacant and the surviving Romanoffs were far from popular. His own army was intact and devoted to him personally; it outnumbered by many thousands the Allied forces in and around Constantinople. It would be the first Russian army to enter this coveted outlet to the Mediterranean, which now, by an astounding turn of fortune, was offered by its conquerors to him, the only surviving Tsarist general of note, ostensibly as a refuge, though he was justified in thinking it was intended as a base.

It must be remembered that Wrangel was not an ignorant, vainglorious general, but a masterful, imperious man of great ability, who loved his country and felt that he could save it. He had made himself the champion of a cause, and causes intoxicate their champions; they excite the imagination and confuse the judgment; they make men dream great dreams.

When Wrangel evacuated the Crimea, he may, quite consciously, have embarked on a great adventure. The stakes were high. Dynasties have been founded on claims no more substantial; before his time, soldiers had found crowns lying in the gutter, and had put them on their heads.

Unfortunately for Wrangel's plans, when he arrived in Constantinople the situation had changed to his disadvantage. In the first place, the British Government had been thoroughly frightened by the Council of Action set up by the Labor Party, and had decided against any more participation in invasions of Soviet Russia. In the second place, French enthusiasm had cooled. The Russian refugees in Paris, preferring a more docile instrument for their policy, had intrigued against him and undermined his position as the one hope of reactionary Russia. From the French point of view, he was no longer wanted; he had served his turn by giving Poland another lease of life. Financial support was not forthcoming, except under conditions which at once humiliated the recipients and reduced them to utter helplessness.

After a few weeks in Constantinople, the bitter truth began to dawn on Wrangel. No longer adulated as a Man of Destiny, he was a forlorn, forsaken exile, a lost leader; his camp followers were rotting in the slums of an Oriental city, while his soldiers languished in internment camps.

There is, perhaps, more than a mere facial resemblance between President Wilson and Wrangel. The Idealist and the Man of Action have had somewhat similar careers; the lives of both had been, up to a point, supremely successful; both of them had put their fortunes to the test by leaving surroundings where their faculties could be exercised with advantage and getting caught in the international whirlpool; both have emerged worn-out, heart-broken men. There the resemblance ends. President Wilson can find some consolation in social intercourse and intellectual pursuits. It is not so with Wrangel. He has neither occupation nor distraction; Russia has lost a civil engineer, and has given the world another roving, restless general. He is inconsolable; remorse is gnawing at his vitals, not for the evil he has wrought, but for the opportunities he failed to seize. He has lost all power for good or evil, and to him power was the breath of life. He has survived the ruin of his plans, but to a man of his proud nature, his present obscure existence must be a living death. If he still dreams dreams, they may be of some Russian steppe where he could roam at will.

Who knows? Perhaps the day will come when Wrangel, a wearied wanderer, will return to die in peace where, formerly, he passed like an avenging spirit and the leader of a host. He may then become the central figure of a legend—a legend of terror and of pity, of violence and remorse. Such men inspired the legends of Old Russia, and Modern Russia is not yet so new that it can overlook the legendary elements in this man's story.

And so, in years to come, peasants, round winter firesides, may relate how, when homeward bound at dusk, they saw an apparition—a horseman, in the uniform of a Cossack general, galloping furiously across the steppe towards the North. Or else some woman may take up the tale, and tell how down the village street at dawn there passed a solitary man, with haunted eyes and outstretched hand, his tall, emaciated form wrapped close in cerements, as though just risen from the tomb.

C. B. THOMSON.

Reviews.

ENGLISH WITH A DIFFERENCE.

The American Language: an Inquiry into the Development of English in the United States. By H. L. MENCKEN. (Cape. 21s.)

It may now be taken as proved that there is an American language. The doughtiest sceptic must be convinced by the mere size of this volume, which could hardly have been bulkier had it been about German. As a matter of fact, the existence of American had been noticed previously, but more concisely, by one of Oscar Wilde's characters, who remarked that England and America had everything in common, except, of course, language. The utterance points to an even earlier recognition, for it is highly improbable that Wilde invented it. Perhaps Whistler had been talking too well—but we cannot go into that now.

The volume is very interesting, but it has some noticeable defects. Mr. Mencken seems to have written it without making up his mind whether he was in his study or on a stump. It alternates in manner between two different American patriots. Some of it reminds us of Mr. James Russell Lowell, and some of it reminds us of Mr. Jefferson Brick. Mr. Lowell once conducted an examination of his country's dialect, and printed his notes and glossary, together with certain poems still indispensable in quotation; Mr. Brick's larger ambition did not descend to philology, but devoted itself to making England quail. We observe that Mr. Mencken is slightly suspicious of Lowell as an Anglomaniac. Certain American writers have looked to England, not without deference, as the mother-country of the English language. Mr. Mencken dislikes this deference. He is for the New World against the Old. With Whitman you can hear him exclaim—

"Placard 'Removed' and 'To Let' on the rocks of your snowy Parnassus; "

and he approves the greeting of Whitman to the Muse as she reaches the native land of Birdofredum Sawin:—

"I say I see, my friends, if you do not, the illustrious *émigré* (having it is true in her day, although the same, changed, journey'd considerable)

Making directly for this rendezvous, vigorously clearing a path for herself, striding through the confusion, By thud of machinery and shrill steam-whistle undismay'd, Bluff'd not a bit by drain-pipe, gasometers, artificial fertilizers,

Smiling and pleas'd with palpable intent to stay, She's here, install'd amid the kitchen ware!"

We do not object to the sentiment. There is a progress of Poesy. Indeed, if poetry is divorced from life and circumstance it ceases to live. We need go back no further than Wordsworth to find a declaration against enclosures in poetry. Wordsworth's demand for a vocabulary without artificial restrictions has been answered in America by poets and prose-writers both. O. Henry, like Wordsworth, employs a selection of the language actually used among men when he writes such passages as this:—

" 'Well,' she says, 'Mr. Gold Bonds is only a friend,' says she; 'but he takes me riding and buys me theatre tickets, and that's what you never do. Ain't I to never have any pleasure in life while I can?' 'Pass this chatfield-chatfield thing along,' says Redruth; 'hand out the mitt to the Willie with creases in it or you don't put your slippers under my wardrobe.'

"Now that kind of train orders don't go with a girl that's got any spirit. I bet that girl loved her honey all the time. Maybe she only wanted, as girls do, to work the good thing for a little fun and caramels before she settled down to patch George's other pair, and be a good wife. But he is glued to the high horse, and won't come down. Well, she hands him back the ring, proper enough; and George goes away and hits the booze. Yep. That's what done it. I bet that girl fired the cornucopia with the fancy vest two days after her steady left. George boards a freight and checks his bag of crackers for parts unknown. He sticks to Old Booze for a number of years; and then the aniline and aquafortis gets the decision. 'Me for the hermit's hut,' says George, 'and the long whiskers, and the buried can of money that isn't there.' "

We do not question the right of Mr. Mencken to defend American, or of O. Henry to use it; what we doubt is Mr. Mencken's Judaistic view that the Muse can be invoked in one temple and in no other, that because she is in

Pittsburg she cannot, therefore, be in Parnassus as well. Mr. Mencken is convinced, not merely that American is alive, but that English is dead. Let us quote him:—

"The standard southern dialect of English has been arrested in its growth by its purists and grammarians. It shows no living change in structure and syntax since the days of Anne, and very little modification in either pronunciation or vocabulary. Its tendency is to conserve that which is established; to say the new thing, as nearly as possible, in the old way; to combat all that expansive gusto which made for its pliancy and resilience in the days of Shakespeare. In place of the old loose-footedness there is set up a preciosity which, in one direction, takes the form of unyielding affectations in the spoken language, and in another form shows itself in the heavy Johnsonese of current English writing—the Jargon denounced by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in his Cambridge lectures."

This, observe, is meant not as a statement, but as an indictment. To the discredit of the Englishman, it is written that his language has lain unmodified for two centuries in the dead hand of grammarians; to the credit of the American, it is written that "on his linguistic side, he likes to make his language as he goes along, and not all the hard work of the grammar-teachers can hold the business back. . . . Institution-making is yet going on, and so is language-making. . . . The American vulgate is not only constantly making new words, it is deducing roots for them."

Well, the only reply an Englishman need make to Mr. Mencken is one of gentle denial. It is untrue that standard English is "arrested in its growth." It is untrue that standard English "shows no living change in structure and syntax since the days of Anne." Also, it is untrue that current English writing is "Johnsonese," and that Johnsonese is "Jargon." Mr. Mencken seems convinced about the last matter, for he refers later to "Johnsonese Jargon," and charges Quiller-Couch with writing the very "jargon" that he has professorially denounced! We will not argue with Mr. Mencken. We will refer him to Johnson. We will ask him to consider, say, the two letters to James Elphinstone given in Boswell under date 1750, or some of the letters to Warton, or even the familiar denunciation of Lord Chesterfield; and we will tell him plainly that if prose of this rank represents his notion of "jargon" he has no ear for language, and is disqualified from discussing American by his ignorance of English.

Indeed, there is evidence that ignorance of English is really what is the matter with Mr. Mencken. Thus, he describes *soccer* as "one of the relatively few English experiments in portmanteau words," and compares it with *Bakerloo*; the fact being that it is not a portmanteau word at all, but simply a specimen of undergraduate slang; he charges us with saying *chimney-piece* instead of *mantel-piece*, *wage-day* instead of *pay-day*, *jersey* instead of *sweater*, *tube* instead of *sub-way*, *great-coat* instead of *over-coat*. He says that our postal arrangements do not include *money-orders*; and he declares that "no Englishman ever wears a *frock-coat* or lives in a *bungalow*; he wears a *morning-coat* and lives in a *villa* or *cottage*." His technical description of the progress of the English elementary school-child is wildly inaccurate. He assures us that an Englishman will always say he is *seven-and-forty*, and not that he is *forty-seven*; and that "in writing a letter to a relative stranger he sometimes begins it, not *My dear Mr. Jones*, but *My dear John Joseph Jones*." Fortunately, "*drug-store* is slowly making its way in England; the firm known as *Botts Cash Chemists* uses it to designate its branches." Mr. Mencken has sometime the ignorance that is not so much bliss as a disaster. Thus, he says: "When an Englishman applies the adjective *homely* to a woman, he means that she is simple and home-loving, not necessarily that she is plain"; and later he adds: "Another word that is improper in America but not in England is *tart*, a clipped form of *sweetheart*. To a Londoner the word connotes sweetness, and so, if he be of the lower orders, he may apply it to his best girl." If Mr. Mencken ever comes wooing in England he had better think twice before calling even his second-best girl either *homely* or a *tart*.

Mr. Mencken seems determined to misunderstand us. He complains that the "*Quarterly*" and "*Blackwood*" and similar reviews a century ago continually assailed the Yankee with insults. Well, if they did, what is that to us? Who cares a farthing now for the utterances of Southey

and Gifford and Wilson? It is quite true that they spoke disrespectfully of America, but how respectfully did they speak of Lamb and Hazlitt, of Keats and Shelley? Does Mr. Mencken require that we shall expiate their stupidities by the habitual use of verbs like *to pony up*, *to author*, *to renig*, *to boheme*? He is very daring in one supposition:—

"Surely no Englishman of position equal to Dr. Wilson's or Dr. Dewey's would venture upon such locutions as *dope* and *to hog*. One might conceivably think of George Saintsbury doing it—but Saintsbury is a privileged iconoclast. Gilbert Murray would blush to death if merely accused of it *falsely*."

We await with interest Mr. Saintsbury's comment.

Mr. Mencken has written nearly five hundred pages without making up his mind what he really wants. He is not sure whether he wants to denounce English or merely to describe it. He is not sure whether he wants to praise American for being as old as Shakespeare or as new as John V. A. Weaver. He tries to do all of them, and finally does none of them. Further, he takes very little notice of two powerful differences, namely, intonation and vocal inflexion. But it is no matter. England and America will take their own ways in speech without Mr. Mencken's patriotic intervention. He has really gone far to spoil a work of great interest by his truculent transatlanticism; but, nevertheless, we have enjoyed his book, and we cheerfully advise others to read it both for instruction and amusement. It may prove useful to our own writers; for we observed the other day that Mr. Squire fell into the grievous error of associating the noun *rube* with the verb *to rubber*. He has no monopoly of error. Mr. Mencken's English is fearfully and wonderfully inaccurate; but we earnestly hope he is sound on American, for with his help we shall now be able to read O. Henry in the original.

ULTRAMONTANE HISTORIOGRAPHY.

Monastic Life in the Middle Ages. By His Eminence Cardinal GASQUET. (Bell. 8s. 6d.)

HERE we have the official voice, it may almost be said, of the Roman communion in England. In his last volume of any importance, the author deliberately challenged a comparison between the scholarship of his own Church and that of outsiders; I took up the challenge (November 30th, 1912), and pointed out not only his surprising inaccuracies of fact, but his inexplicable habit of reprinting these misstatements, after exposure, in cold blood. At the recent Catholic Bible Congress at Cambridge, again, of which the Cardinal was the coryphæus, I repeated this indictment, and offered publicly to fill a dozen pages more with similar instances, if anyone ventured to contend that these were exceptional. Nobody met this challenge; and now the author brings out another volume of reprinted essays, heralded by one snippet from the "*Catholic Times*" and another from the "*Pall Mall Gazette*": "Of such historians as Gasquet the cause of historic truth can never have too many." I will subject this claim to as full a test as our space will allow, premising that, here again, it would be easy to fill a dozen octavo pages with the inaccuracies of fact, or the ignorances of notorious facts, displayed in this small volume of thirteen essays.

The first of them came out in 1912; and, if the author had consulted the "*Westminster*" instead of the "*Pall Mall*" (September 14th, 1912), he would have realized that opinions were at least divided as to its services to historic truth. It was there pointed out that he had inexplicably garbled the plain Latinity of the main document under discussion, where a faithful translation would have ruined his thesis; that his ignorance of Canon Law had led him hopelessly astray on matters mainly depending upon canonistic technicalities; and that another of his most specious arguments depended upon equal ignorance of so well-known and typical a monastic record as the "*Evesham Chronicle*." But the genuine Ultramontane is distinguished from other historians less by original sin than by fine and generous impenitence. The Cardinal has now reprinted this essay, with others almost equally inaccurate, practically *verbatim et literatim*, even down to the petty blunders which

are too persistent and consistent to be merely accidental—John of Salisbury's best-known book misspelt everywhere both in text and in index; so also with Berthelet, the sixteenth-century printer; "*levatura (repouste)*," where the Italian original is as grotesque as the French gloss. Among the "friends and fellow-students" who pressed the unwilling Cardinal to rescue these papers from oblivion, was there not one educated enough to rescue the author also?

The next essay of any importance is headed "How our Fathers were taught in Catholic Days." The Cardinal claims for his own earlier essay on this subject "an extended and careful examination of original and much-neglected sources. . . . All the available evidence . . . pointed to the fact that the people were properly instructed in their religion." This thesis he will now prove again to the hilt, as against certain "sectarian" writers—in other words, as against men unsubjected to Roman censorship; men whose official or unofficial position leaves them perfectly free to face the facts, and to publish what they see. One such "sectary" had written plainly about the earlier essay, pointing out that the Cardinal not only ignored the greater part of "all the available evidence," but habitually garbled even that which he did not ignore. While citing, in proof of adequate religious instruction, a certain decree of Archbishop Peckham in 1281, he had suppressed its opening words: "The ignorance of priests hurls the people into the ditch of error." Again, he had alleged the frequent repetition of similar decrees as a further proof of sound education; yet every repeating bishop implies, and some explicitly allege, the inefficacy of the former decrees as their reason for the fresh republication; until Wolsey, in 1518, repeats verbally the despairing cry of Peckham—"Ignorantia sacerdotum populum precipitat in foveam erroris"! These, like all other sectarian corrections, the Cardinal now ignores; and he undertakes in this volume to prove his case from a single book of about Chaucer's time, "*Dives and Pauper*." But, unluckily, this folio volume, here and there, is almost as plain-spoken as Peckham; therefore the Cardinal gives us a series of quotations of which not one is scientifically correct, while some omit, as in Peckham's case, exactly those sentences which would have been fatal to his thesis. And he does not supply a single reference to enable the reader to check these quotations. For anyone who is not quite familiar with the book itself, it would need many hours in a first-rate library to measure his inaccuracies, which space compels us to characterize very briefly here. On page 75 he gives a long quotation to remove the modern suspicion that the common folk had a superstitious reverence for the Cross "amounting, in reality, to practical idolatry." Three dots mark a gap in the middle of this quotation; that gap represents nearly a column, in which the medieval author blames the equivocal language of official Churchmen concerning the Cross, which "blindeth much folk . . . and so for lewdness they be deceived, and worship creatures as God himself." On page 85 the Cardinal omits from his quotation a complaint that men in Chaucer's England "are so wood in lechery that the brother is not ashamed to hold openly his own sister." On page 80, and this time without even a warning dot, there is a similar suppression as to "ribaldry and leasings" in miracle-plays. On page 83 "*Dives and Pauper*" speaks of the superiority of preaching to Masses in a way which scandalizes the modern Catholic; therefore the Cardinal notes "it will be unnecessary, of course, to remark that the author is not here speaking of the Mass of Obligation on Sundays and festivals, but of voluntary attendance at Masses of devotion." But it is necessary to remark that he manages to import this sense into "*Dives and Pauper*" only by garbling the actual text, printing "more profitable . . . than to hear a Mass," instead of the medieval author's "*any Mass*," which shows that no exception can be admitted. The passage is, in fact, taken from Canon Law, where the language shows the Cardinal's gloss to be as ignorant as his misuse of the English text is indefensible.

Many reviewers, no doubt, will take it for granted that a Roman Catholic specialist knows his own job, and will provide the author with a fresh testimonial of accuracy.

But those who verify his quotations and allusions will understand, even better than before, why Cardinal Manning implicitly confessed, and why Newman and Acton explicitly complained, that historical truth in the ordinary sense is hardly possible to an Ultramontane writer.

G. G. COULTON.

THE BEGINNINGS OF A GREAT SCHOOL.

A History of the Perse School, Cambridge. By J. M. GRAY. (Cambridge: Bowes & Bowes. 10s. 6d.)

THE reputation of the Perse School as a centre of sound learning and intelligent educational method under its present Head, Dr. Rouse, would alone excite interest in the history and traditions of the foundation. This excellent volume tells us in interesting fashion how the school came into being, and sketches its fortunes until the present day. The student of the history of education in its broader lines might wish for some indication of just how it had come about that "for a town of its size and importance Cambridge was signally deficient in facilities for school education in the latter half of the sixteenth century." As a footnote points out, there were two song schools, attached to King's and Trinity, the one a foundation of Henry VI. and the other of Queen Mary. The former was, however, in all probability, the shrunken survival of the old Cambridge Grammar School, which dated from the thirteenth century at least. It is easier to imagine the causes of its decay in the general disorganization of the fifteenth century than the reasons why the desire for its renewal should have come so tardily in an age of renewals, and in one of the two great English centres of education. In 1570 the teaching of grammar in Cambridge University was forbidden by statute, except in the case of the choristers of King's and Trinity. Private enterprise being thus cut off, the Corporation of Cambridge, in 1576, appointed a committee to deal with the question of "erecting a grammer schole within the said towne," but the scheme proved abortive. Nor did the bequests (of 100 marks each) by two members of Clare Hall, William Bridon, in 1590, and his friend Thomas Cropley, in 1607, have any immediate result.

It was the more substantial bequest of Stephen Perse, Fellow of Caius College, and a flourishing medical practitioner in Cambridge, which at length issued in the foundation of the Perse School, for the free education of five score scholars born in Cambridge, Barnwell, Chesterton, or Trumpington, "and no more, nor any other."

Stephen Perse, intimately connected with both town and university, was anxious to draw the two corporations together. The school was to be the bond of union. Essentially a Town School, it was yet to have a very direct connection with the university. At his own college Perse founded six scholarships and six fellowships, for election to which special preference was to be given to boys of the Perse School.

Stephen Perse died in September, 1615, and his kinsman and chief executor, Martin Perse, began the building of the Perse School and attached almshouses in 1617. It rose on the former site of the Austin Friars. At Michaelmas, 1618, the master and usher (each of whom had a lodging in the school buildings) were appointed and the first boys admitted. Master and usher formed the normal "staff," but in spite of the founder's instructions, some boys who were not foundationers were received. The teaching provided was in accordance with the ideals of the time. The boys were grounded in Latin and led on to Greek, and under such masters as the first, Thomas Lovering, the course proved a liberal education. About one hundred of his pupils went on to the university, and of these fifteen became fellows of colleges. In his day pupils came from places so far afield as Northumberland and County Cork.

The school suffered both in its revenues and organization during the Civil War, but flourished under the tactful and assiduous guidance of the fourth headmaster, George Griffith. With his death, in 1687, began a period of decline, which was but one manifestation of the general decay of such institutions in the eighteenth century. A period of

unremarkable masters and pupils was redeemed by a brilliant flicker in the mid-century, but in spite of a sufficiently imposing series of names of masters in the succeeding period the school was fast tottering to its fall. The mastership had become a mere college sinecure when, in 1785, the school was closed. Almost immediately an agitation for its reopening began, and this actually came about in 1788, but reform was slow in coming. However, in 1825 James Bailey, a brilliant scholar of Trinity, was appointed master, and under him the old tradition of sound, classical learning was revived.

In 1841 the persistent demand for inquiry issued in Chancery proceedings, and the school soon went "from one reform to another." A new scheme, drawn up under the Endowed Schools Act of 1869, began perhaps the most interesting and brilliant period in the school's history. The system and the spirit behind the teaching of languages, classical and modern, by the direct method, have had the most remarkable results, and not least noteworthy is the care bestowed on the teaching of English. The little volume "Homework and Hobbyhorses" (Perse Playbook, No. VI.), containing new poems by boys of the Perse School, is evidence of the interest inspired by the fine teaching of Mr. Caldwell Cook. In these poems, ballads, carols, and "littleman rimes," there is much humor, a fine audacity, some pathos, and even occasionally the stuff of true poetry.

THE HOME LIFE OF THE CUCKOO.

The Cuckoo's Secret. By EDGAR CHANCE. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 7s. 6d.)

ANY reader interested in the ways of birds, beasts, and plants will be fascinated by Mr. Chance's discoveries. He devoted four consecutive seasons of intensive observation (assisted by friends, servants, cameras, a cinematograph operator, hides, stop-watches, great ingenuity, considerable knowledge, unflinching patience, and a power of physical endurance to make one envy him as well as admire the results he obtained) principally to one small common within the confines of which a "dominant" cuckoo was parasitic upon several pairs of meadow-pipits nesting therein. If we are to understand what this new stride in scientific knowledge implies, we must briefly summarize what Mr. Chance's detective work actually was. Like other birds, the cuckoo exercises territorial rights over a given, or taken, area of ground; only, with this species, it is the hen, not the cock bird, who is the landowner. Her sovereignty seems to depend largely upon temperament, and some cuckoos are more "dominant" than others, those with the least assertive individuality being compelled to a gipsy life and laying their eggs in the domains of the feudal ladies only by stealth and when the reproductive stimulus of the "dominants" has run its gamut of available nests. A "dominant" cuckoo, again, prefers to lay her eggs in the nests of the species by which she herself was fostered, the true classification therefore being, not cuckoos *simpliciter*, but meadow-pipit cuckoos, reed-warbler, sedge-warbler, robin, hedge-sparrow, and pied-wagtail cuckoos, these being the unfortunates which are fosterers to cuckoos to a greater extent than any other species, simply because they make the best dupes and their nests are more readily accessible over a fixed area. But territory takes precedence over the choice of the fosterer-species, and a "dominant" meadow-pipit cuckoo will lay in the nest of a tree-pipit, or a linnet, or a skylark on a common where there is a shortage of meadow-pipit nests, rather than lay outside the confines of her territory.

One of Mr. Chance's earlier discoveries was that the number of eggs laid by a "dominant" cuckoo in a season depends on the number of nests of the fosterer-species available. Once the eggs of the latter are incubated, their nests are no longer of any use to the cuckoo, and it was the author's object, therefore, to secure a constant supply of nests with one or more fresh eggs in them. His favorite meadow-pipit "Cuckoo A" (a nailer for finding nests, as other cuckoos are not) was thus induced to lay the record number of twenty-one eggs in one season, by the process of constantly "restarting" the pipit's eggs—viz., by

removing the eggs, cuckoo's and all, and stimulating each pair to build four or five nests apiece, as they will do after an interval of five days. By thus keeping a steady stream of fosterers' nests going throughout the season for "Cuckoo A's" service, Mr. Chance's experiments not only revealed how often she laid an egg (on alternate days) and when she laid them (in the afternoon), but, more significantly, that the nest-building of her victims stimulates the cuckoo's reproductive system. Thus, in one season Mr. Chance ordained that "Cuckoo A" should lay fifteen eggs, and fifteen eggs lay she did, the stimulus to laying ceasing with the supply of nests. In the light of this, the cuckoo's method of victimization acquires an extraordinary interest. Within her area, she selects certain trees as observation posts, which serve the double purpose of reproductive stimulation and the location of nests. For perched on one of them, she watches the pipits' building with an intent, brooding gaze, for hours at a time and without feeding, only flying down (unless disturbed, when she returns as soon as possible to her sentinel post) to inspect the nest before the critical period of laying. When that arrives, she floats down to the nest from the tree in a peculiar, slanting glide, takes a pipit's egg in her beak, deposits her own egg, sitting on the nest, and flies away with a bubbling call (which Mr. Chance conjectures is an invitation call to the male or males whose attentions she resents when she is watching the nest), the procedure while she is at the nest sometimes taking as few as eight seconds. This was the invariable routine of "Cuckoo A," and though cuckoos, even more than other birds, vary in individual temper and character, Mr. Chance's observations of other cuckoos prove that it is the normal machinery of perpetuating the species, the same pair of foster parents being probably exploited year after year, and never rearing their own young, till they die. The foresight, deliberation, and neat workmanship of the whole process are astonishing.

Hardly less interesting is the behavior of the "victims o' gammon." The cuckoo's watch upon them seems to exercise a mesmeric influence, and they will leave the nest, fuss feebly about her, and show a fatalistic uneasiness and agitation, being at times so dominated that a male pipit has been seen to offer food to the destroyer of his family, a rare opening for the ironical philosopher. But individual birds again differ; and sometimes the furious attacks of the fosterers, the hen bird refusing to leave her eggs until she is driven off them, and the cock tearing out beakfuls of feathers, temporarily baffle the usurper. A whole crop of problems springs from Mr. Chance's unique study and solution of ancient mysteries, but enough has been said to show how large and permanent is the debt which naturalists owe to him.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem, 1918-1920. Being the Records of the Pro Jerusalem Council during the period of the British Military Administration. Edited by C. R. ASHBEER. Published for the Council of the Pro-Jerusalem Society. Illustrated. (Murray. £2 2s.)

"MODERN Jerusalem," writes Mr. Ashbee, "is a mixture of squalor and pretentiousness." He might also have added that Jerusalem is saturated with sectarianism and every form of religious quackery. For centuries Muslims and Jews and Latin and Greek Christians have squabbled over the sacred sites, even to the extent of blood-letting. And now Arabs and Jews are quarrelling again for the hegemony of Palestine, with Christendom occupying the position of a football referee. This being the normal state of affairs in the Holy City, one looks with interest to see how Mr. Ashbee, who was imported into Jerusalem at the heels of the advancing army in 1918 with the reputation of being an idealist, has fared during the three years of his stewardship.

The appointment of a "Civic Adviser" a few months after Lord Allenby's capture of the city was in itself a startling innovation; the choice of a disciple of William Morris for the post was still more revolutionary. Behind him Mr. Ashbee had the support of the Military Governor, "Colonel" (now "Mr.") Storrs, one of Kitchener's pupils, a man of tremendous enthusiasm. Yet there was nothing incongruous in these early measures, for Jerusalem is so

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Turning over an old Leaf

SIMPLE ADAM AND SUBTLE EVE.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IN many ways it is doubtful whether we have advanced from early primitivism. Even the dilettante is compelled to face necessity, and necessity is an ugly vision. So, with the world's progress at a standstill, the mind reverts to the origin of things, and, hating primitive reality, ponders on the myth of Eden.

Probably Eve, when she took her morning bathe, tired of the unchanging reflection in the pool of her pearl-white covering and, craving for change, evolved the original idea of body ornamentation. Having made her plans, she was subtle enough first to "feed the brute" before breaking the news, so in order to put him in a good humour she offered Adam a bite of her apple. Then, simulating a chill which did not exist, she induced him to search for decorative fig leaves to serve as alluring draperies.

From the moment of donning her first costume, she cultivated fresh whims and fancies, and varied her designs to such an extent that poor Adam's life became one long and weary search to discover fig-trees with leaves of rare and refreshing shape. Which occupation, incidentally, contrived to keep him out of other mischief.

The allegory applies to modern times. We twentieth-century Adams hunt from morn till night, not for precious fig leaves, nor even now for gold, but in a paper chase for things called Treasury Notes. And when we have collected a large number of them our modern Eves magically change them into a wisp of chiffon which they wrap around their dainty forms as a protection against the elements.

In a season Eve will appear adorned in a dozen diaphanous gowns, costing many hundreds of pounds, whilst Adam, humbly collecting the few odd notes Eve so generously permits him to keep for himself, trots along to Bond Street for a Dress Suit once a year.

Adam will find compassion at Pope and Bradley's where his difficulties are understood. Compared with Eve's indulgences, the following prices are hardly worth mentioning. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £7 7s. Riding Breeches from £4 4s.

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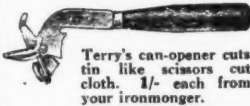


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utterly unique that it had to be saved for posterity even while war was being waged a few miles away on the Judean Hills, and its fame is so great that all the petty squabbles of the sectaries fail to hide its glory. Colonel Storrs was not long in getting to work. One of his first acts, in April, 1918, was to forbid any new building, or any demolition of old building, within 2,500 metres of the Damascus Gate. At about the same time, he forbade the use of corrugated iron or stucco within the Holy City. Then the resources of town-planning were brought to bear on Jerusalem, and Mr. Ashbee reproduces three separate schemes for making the best of the city and its surroundings. Lastly came the foundation in September, 1918, of the Pro-Jerusalem Society, a wonderful body on which all parties and creeds of this strangely cosmopolitan city gather together monthly to discuss or wrangle over its welfare.

There has been endless scope for its activities, but a careful perusal of this very interesting book convinces a reader that the traditional common-sense of British military administration and a lack of funds have combined to prevent any lapse from idealism into eccentricity. Nor is it likely that any Zionist Government, if Zionist it is to be, would wander very far from the path of national reform. So we can congratulate the Pro-Jerusalem Council upon the excellence of the beginning already made and upon the discretion of its programme for the future.

Unpleasant though it may seem, the first duty of organized authority in any Eastern city is to attack the local disregard of civilized sanitation. So at intervals all through Mr. Ashbee's story we find that foul heaps of fly-breeding refuse had to be dealt with before works of restoration could be commenced. Mr. Ashbee raises a curious point when he implies that excavations left uncovered by archaeologists in Jerusalem become alternatively a quarry or a latrine. It is to be hoped that the municipality is now in a position to undertake its own sanitary measures without the aid of a society supported by voluntary subscriptions.

Throughout the book, considerations of finance and utility on the one hand are shown in conflict with the idealist and aesthetic view on the other. Thus the vaulted streets or bazaars that form one of the chief charms of the city are falling down because the great expense of repairing their stone roofs cannot be met from any available funds. But Mr. Ashbee would have the New Jerusalem all built with stone domed roofs. Such a restriction might be reasonable within the actual walls of the old city, but it is too much to extend it to the suburbs, where the great convents and churches of the religious orders prevent uniformity becoming possible; and though one hopes that never in the future will anything be erected like the Russian Church on the Mount of Olives, yet buildings will be required for public and private uses where too rigid an insistence on medieval domes would be absurd. Red tiles, too, are barred within a certain area, but here again it is possible that the citizens of the New Jerusalem may insist on a little laxity.

The question of the Jaffa Gate, too, is perplexing. When the Kaiser made his bombastic entry into the city, he certainly destroyed the continuity of the *enceinte*, and spoiled its most familiar feature to an approaching traveller. But he did provide a much better access to the old quarters than the old Jaffa Gate with its narrow archway and sharp internal turn. Is his breach to be filled up again, and the fosse of the Citadel cleared? Or is his easy road from the station to remain, with a low archway by way of compromise, as in Mr. Ashbee's sketch? In the former case the old city becomes definitely a place set apart, where modern motor-vehicles cannot enter and business can only be carried on in medieval fashion. Most of us would prefer it so, but whether the City Fathers will agree is another question.

Mr. Ashbee has labored to re-establish in Jerusalem some of its lost industries, ruined by the competition of cheap European imports. Here the business acumen of Zionism may be trusted to prevent any rash experiments, and it is to be hoped that Jerusalem will eventually produce something more useful than worthless souvenirs for pilgrims.

The demolition of the Kaiser's clock-tower, the clearing of the rampart walk, the making of gardens at the Citadel

and elsewhere, the substitution of a new market for the unclean and unsightly hovels outside the Jaffa Gate, the restoration of the Süq el-Qattanin, and of the tiling at the Dome of the Rock, are admirable efforts for which all who know Jerusalem will be grateful. They show that an idealist limited by practical necessity, "tucking up his shirt-sleeves of activity" (to quote a phrase of the Grand Mufti), has done valuable work, and this finely illustrated volume records it for posterity.

M. S. B.

"THE THINGS WE ARE."

The Things We Are. By JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)

IN "The Things We Are" it is the hero, Boston, the shy, introspective, self-torturing nature, that determines the original atmosphere of the story. Boston's "complex," rooted in his early isolation with his over-fond mother, is a general inhibition against becoming a part of the life round him and mixing intimately with his fellows. After his mother's sudden death he comes to London and isolates himself in dull secretarial work, screening himself off from human contacts, and retreating further and further into his despairing, hungry emptiness. There are many hypersensitive Bostons, shy, solitary men, living hidden among us, and it is Mr. Murry's distinction to be the first to portray the type and individualize it with firm, delicate clarity. One says "individualize," although it is true that Mr. Murry is so intent on laying bare Boston's mental inhibitions and emotional reactions that the portrait is rather that of a man's spirit than of a man's personality. And this gives a certain sharp tenuity to the emotional drama between Boston, his altruistic friend the journalist Bettington, and the girl Felicia. Very delicately indicated are Felicia's charm and her feminine instinct in playing a waiting game. For Bettington, a simple and naïve nature, is masculinely clumsy in dreaming about the life that is awaiting him and her, instead of simply realizing it by possession. He has not invaded her nature and claimed her as his, but agreed with her that "everything depended on her remaining free." He has been saving his money for the perfect cottage and the independent life, and then he has bought a number of exquisite, unnecessary things for this "after-life," and Felicia is still waiting when Boston arrives on the scene. The self-engrossment of Boston with his own inner emptiness and morbid self-smotherings gives place suddenly to an irresistible impulse to run away from his sterile life. He finds the "ideal place" in a little inn near Barnet and in the simple, homely realities of the motherly landlady's surroundings, and he wires to Bettington to come and sample them. This leads to Felicia's coming also. And in Chapter VI. the drama of the three people's complicated relations is unfolded.

What is brought out more and more is the dominating force of Boston's "hypertrophied," incomplete, sick self in his struggle towards spiritual health. He has been bottled up and sealed down for years. Now Felicia has to help him, and the fact of being dragged into his "complex," and tortured too, fascinates her. She loves him and fears him together, because Bettington's fine altruism leaves her at his mercy. She is necessary to Boston and not to Bettington, and the subconscious recognition of this in the minds of the three prepares us for the successive, tortuous steps by which her new friend subtly enforces his claim on her, and Bettington relinquishes his.

The analysis of the moods and emotions, of the advance and recoil of the three characters, is finely exact, and Mr. Murry, in the strongly handled scene, "The Encounter," between the two men, where the lacerated Bettington lives up to his "renunciation," smothers our doubts that this man could behave thus. In point of veracity to life, and also to art, Mr. Murry has to pay something, of course, for his highly intellectualized drama. Bettington has to talk and behave too much in the spirit of Boston's subtle reasoning, and Felicia's reactions between the two men are, perhaps, too measured and curbed for

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feminine psychology. But Mr. Murry shows great skill in both lightening and deepening his drama, first by setting it against the homely actualities of the Wheatsheaf Inn, and secondly by introducing into the story the very real figure of the unhappy Mrs. Kennington. So far as artistic execution is concerned, Mr. Murry's instinct is not to be criticized, save, perhaps, in the point that Boston's individuality is not visualized in face and manner to reinforce his cutting spiritual actuality. The atmosphere, as we have said, is highly original, and the subtlety of the analysis is backed at every point by skilful concrete touches. The novel is a worthy successor to the author's little-known "Still Life."

From the Publishers' Table.

WE have heard that when, some years ago, Mr. Basil Lubbock came home "Round the Horn before the Mast," it was because he was hard up. What other reason could he have? But whatever his extremity, it was a lucky thing for us. He became so interested in his fine ship on the passage that he constituted himself the historian of all her kind. It would puzzle even those who know something of the subject to say where Mr. Lubbock found the material for his histories of the China and the colonial clippers; certainly if he had not delved for it we should have missed two delightful volumes. Now he is publishing another book (through James Brown & Son, Glasgow), "The Black-wall Frigates." It is a title which will convey little to some folk. But what memories of Green, Money Wigram, Somes, Marshall, Devitt & Moore, and Duncan Dunbar will cause other readers to make certain they get Mr. Lubbock's volume, if they have to forego all the future holds of new novels!

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL's recollections of the war will be ready for publication in September. Mr. A. G. Gardiner's biography of Sir William Harcourt may also be expected during the autumn, but it is not probable that Mr. Garvin's life of Joseph Chamberlain will be ready till next spring.

MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY WEBB are preparing a book on Special Commissions in Local Government, which Longmans will publish.

MR. S. K. RATCLIFFE has just returned from a long sojourn in America. May we suggest to him that it is time his biography of Sir William Wedderburn was in the hands of the publishers?

THE League of Nations Union, which is now a great popular movement, is publishing a new series of pamphlets, which do not merely reiterate familiar ideals, but explain to the general understanding how the principles of the League are being translated into practice. "An Insurance Against War" sets out with graphic illustrations the proportion of expenditure on armaments to that on other public services and on the League of Nations. "The Question of Upper Silesia," written by Lord Robert Cecil, gives a simple account of the settlement of that complicated question. "What Should Germany Pay?" gives a history of the Reparations Bill, and puts the case for the reference of the Reparations problem to the League of Nations. "The League of Nations and the Schools" supplies teachers with a simple statement of their extremely important part in ensuring the League's success. "Geneva, 1921," by H. Wilson Harris, is an outline of the proceedings at the Second Assembly of the League of Nations and also contains a forecast of the work of the League for 1922.

The Library Association is arranging, in conjunction with the Library Assistants' Association, to make what may be called a Bibliothecal Excursion to Holland at Whitsun. The programme, which will occupy a week, is being arranged by the Dutch Association of Librarians, and apart from

excursions will include visits to the public libraries in the more important cities, especially the great new public library at Amsterdam, and several university libraries, and the Palace of Peace at the Hague. The arrangements are being made by Mr. W. C. Berwick Sayers, Central Library, Town Hall, Croydon, who will welcome inquiries from any librarians or book-lovers who may be interested.

Art.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IN one respect the Royal Academy is truly representative: it reflects the disorder of our times. This being so, it is no more possible to judge the works contained in its exhibitions on their merits than it is possible to judge on his merits a man who, by no fault of his own, has been placed in a false position. Artists, and sculptors in particular, often complain that their work is not properly shown at the Academy. They understate their grievance against the times; the impropriety, the disorder, begin in the conditions in which their works have to be produced. The worst work at the Academy represents an amount of talent and a degree of skill which might have gladdened instead of saddened life if they had been properly employed. In this respect art does not differ from life; and sin is not so much a thing wrong in itself as a thing done at the wrong time or in the wrong place or circumstances. As regards the conditions of exhibition, the Academy has this year made an effort to bring order into disorder: in the coloring of the walls, and in the disposition of the works according to their kind. Taken with the promise of the circular on "Mural Decorative Art," issued in connection with its next winter exhibition, and the remarks of the President at the banquet, these faint beginnings of order excite fond hopes; and the reference to revolution in the speech of the Home Secretary might be taken to express the natural uneasiness of the forces of disorder at the prospect of a better world, a world in which everything should be in its right place.

At the moment, the efforts of the Academy only emphasize the disorder. Gallery No. VI. is a striking illustration. In this room a gallant attempt has been made to display painting and sculpture in some sort of relation to architecture—and look at it! The fault is not the Academy's; the attempt comes, of necessity, too late; because, with two notable exceptions, the works displayed have not been produced in any hope of relation to architecture. The effect of the room, indeed, so far as the paintings are concerned, is that of capable people taken at a disadvantage, before they had time to adapt their resources to the occasion. It is incredible, for instance, that painters with the obvious capacities of Mr. William J. Leech and Mr. Charles Simpson could not have made better application of their work if they had had Gallery VI. in mind. Nor, in justice to the Hanging Committee, is it easy to think off-hand of any other paintings in the exhibition which would have suited the purpose better than the nine chosen. This does not mean that there are not plenty of exhibitors who could have risen to the occasion. Actually the picture in the room which is best adapted in style is "To Nobody Knows Where," by Miss Cecile Walton; and its inferiority to the work of Mr. Leech and Mr. Simpson in other respects only points the moral that not lack of ability but lack of occasion is the cause of disorder in our artistic activities.

The two notable exceptions are the busts of "Anstole France" and "Surgeon Koeberlé," by M. Antoine Bourdelle; and their character throws a valuable light on the true nature of the relationship between the other arts and architecture. If they had

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been obviously "monumental" works, designed for an architectural setting, they would have lost part of the moral of their happy appearance in this place. They suit it, and justify themselves, automatically rather than by intention. In character they might be described as naturalistic portraits in terms of the material in which they are conceived, with the simplifications which follow as a matter of course when that material is properly employed. There, and not so much in any conscious adaptation—though the scale and subject of the work may compel this, too—lies the secret of the relationship between painting, sculpture, and architecture. It is through the affinities of the materials used in them rather than by a compromise of styles. Because, after all, the painter and the sculptor are specialists, absorbed in their peculiar tasks; and it is not always convenient that they should have architecture in mind. Indeed, it is highly probable that the excellent intentions of the next winter exhibition will produce, incidentally, a good deal of bad work, through painters and sculptors aiming too directly at architectural conventions at the expense of their own. Here, again, art does not differ from life. If you are true to yourself you are true to everybody else; and, allowing for a reasonable amount of common-sense according to the nature of the task, the painter or sculptor who is true to his own materials will find himself, automatically, in proper relations with architecture. To the saying of Van Gogh, "Be true to your palette, and Nature results," might be added: "And your work will take its proper place in the building."

It is not so much through forgetting architecture as through forgetting themselves that painting and sculpture have gone astray. At the same time, one cause of their forgetting is, undoubtedly, the lack of an architectural context. If you have security of tenure you do not need to be always thinking of your place. No longer based upon building, painting and sculpture have had to base themselves upon something called Nature, about which no two persons are agreed, with the inevitable consequence that they have strained the resources of their materials too far, in an imitative or a non-imitative direction as the case may be. It is quite true, as the Academy quotes on the title-page of its catalogue, that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her," but only on condition that the love shall be expressed in the lover's own terms. Here and there, as we saw in the case of M. Bourdelle, we have an artist with so strong a hold upon his material that, even in present conditions, and with no conscious application, he comes home; and, in painting, there are two striking instances in the present exhibition: "Capt. the Hon. Frederick Guest, M.P.," by Mr. Augustus John, and "The Word," by Mr. F. Cayley Robinson. In subject and style they have nothing in common, and neither has any consciously "decorative" or "mural" intention. Yet, more surely than anything near them, they come home upon the wall. In the case of Mr. Robinson's picture this is all the more remarkable because in it he has carried the use of paint beyond what many people would regard as the true province of painting, and produced a definite illustration with a "literary" content. The importance of these two strongly contrasted works in this connection is that they show that neither direct, realistic painting, nor literary illustration, disturbs the harmony of the arts, provided the materials are used in character. Through lack of confidence in this truth, or from weak hold upon their materials, many good painters and sculptors of strongly realistic or illustrative bent become ineffective when they aim directly at an architectural setting. All that is necessary for order and harmony among the arts is that each should be true to itself; and the appearance of Gallery No. XI., where, on the whole, the painting is more consistently painting than elsewhere, prompts the ironical reflection that it has fallen to so-called "revolutionaries" to bring the first signs of order and harmony among the arts into the Royal Academy.

CHARLES MARRIOTT.

The Drama.

LITTLE IRONIES.

Mr. Galsworthy's "Windows." Produced at the Court Theatre.

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ENGLAND is not exactly a country without problems or difficulties, but through them all her dramatists remain calm. Indeed, they get calmer and calmer. Mr. Bennett was always tranquil. Barrie, save for the most unusual and almost ungentelemanly attitude of "Shall We Join the Ladies?" is normally so; and even Mr. Galsworthy, who used to be quite disturbing, drops into the sedative mood. A not unfriendly critic insists that Mr. Galsworthy's recent and remarkable popularity is really due to his cult of the drawing-room play. True, his dramas still betray a movement, even an agitation. Lightly flutter the Morris curtains; in the deep silence a morsel of stucco falls. But in the main all seems fairly well with West Kensington. Mr. Galsworthy, the "Morning Post" assures us, has given up preaching, accepted the great war and the greater peace as incidents in our rough island story, and, no longer seeking to improve the islanders, is content to take them as they are.

Personally I will confess to being a little conscious of the limitations of the gentlemanly class. Their Rise and Fall, their Perturbations of Soul, their Ideals and Temptations, make pretty neo-Robertsonian comedy. But are they adequate material for modern drama? Compare, for example, Mr. Galsworthy with the dramatist whom in some respects he resembles, Gerhart Hauptmann. Like Galsworthy, Hauptmann is a pitiful, a most human, artist. Like him, too, he seeks to mirror his age. But what a mass of figures does the powerful German pass before our eyes before he is content to say, "This is my country, and her time, her soul and mine"! The passion of the workers, the undertow of countryside life, the simplicity of the old faith, the tangles of the new, the stir and the crime of the cities, the light and the storm in the artist's mind, nearly all the things, in fact, that men live and come to grief by, what a mighty phantasm of a modern State is there! It is not surprising that such a country fell. But is England a lesser thing than Germany, and Mr. Galsworthy a less serious, less poetic writer than Hauptmann? Or is it that our commercial drama can no longer stand a big play, and that only hints, fugitive presentments, the little ironies of life, and their small reactions on cosy corners of the national consciousness, are presentable by it?

Take "Windows," the new Galsworthy play at the Court, as an example of what I mean. "Windows" is a very skilful piece of work. It is delicate irony, and irony, when giants like Swift do not handle it, should be delicate. And it is an amusing idea to introduce a "baggage" like Faith Bly into the family of the Marches, and entertaining to see how the shallow idealism of father and son, and the mother's equally shallow matter-of-factness, go to pieces before the problem of what to do with so wilful a piece of Nature's goods, already handselled and soiled. Certainly that is a sort of a problem. Certainly, too, this fumbling indecisiveness of the Marches is a little symbolic of the general failure of the well-intentioned, when a sharp, decisive warp of the character has set in. What is to be done with Faith? Make her useful? Absurd; she is cheap ornament, fit only for vulgar wear. Then love her, says one Mr. Galsworthy, a little doubtfully. Re-make her, says another, so faintly that the suggestion hardly gets over the footlights. Bear with her, says a third, in the guise of the much-suffering cook and maid-of-all-souls to this pitiable family.

The theme of "Windows," it will be seen, is a slight, an evanescent affair. I have said its treatment is

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skilful; it is the business of irony to show up these amateur Laputans, to ridicule the half-baked. Chatter about reform, prattle on uplift—middle-class England and middle-class America, neglecting weightier matters of the law, are full of them. But after all, great writing, especially great dramatic writing, is an intense, a passionate affair. Always becoming a little less indignant and more impersonally judicial, more photographic and less of the sympathetic artist, Mr. Galsworthy does tend to lose beauty, and with beauty impressiveness. He notes and classifies well, and with much relevance to the "after-war situation." There are notes on the depraved soldier, the sentimental soldier, on flappers and male fidgets, on the derelicts of our time, and the absurdities they cherish. But then others can take notes of Jerusalem. The poet speaks to her.

H. W. M.

Science.

PASTEUR AND SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

SOME years ago a French newspaper of wide circulation asked its readers' opinions as to who was the greatest man in France. The name of Pasteur headed the resultant list. It is true that the French are more interested in intellectual achievements than we are, but, even so, it is an extraordinary fact that the majority of votes should have gone to a scientific man. The result is less surprising, however, when we consider the nature of Pasteur's work;* we see then that it was not so much his intellectual eminence as his thoroughly practical usefulness to the community which determined the French votes. Pasteur's first investigation was in crystallography, and was concerned with the reason why two sets of crystals, apparently identical in chemical composition and physical constitution, should affect light differently. It was an interesting research, and the way Pasteur handled it shows that he might have gone on to become a great experimental physicist. And in that case, it is almost certain, his name would not have headed the French newspaper's list. But his subsequent researches, of immense scientific interest, were also of the greatest practical importance. It is not surprising that, in France, the man who solved the problems of fermentation, cleared up the extremely costly silkworm disease, showed how to make domestic animals immune from the plague that destroyed them, and, finally, found a cure for rabies, should be able to compete, in the popular estimation, even with the politicians. Pasteur's researches had the valuable characteristics that they not only formed the basis of extended future work, but issued immediately in important practical results. His work belongs as indubitably to the history of French commerce as to the history of French science.

For its immediate scientific interest, and as illustrating his methods as an experimenter, his work on Spontaneous Generation is as good as any. The problem was not only a difficult one technically, but it aroused the liveliest popular interest from its bearing on the acute religious controversies of the time. One of the primary postulates of "scientific materialism," that life can originate from "dead" matter, had been, strangely enough, one of the accepted beliefs all through the ages of faith. The evidence seemed, indeed, conclusive. Everybody knew that bad meat bred maggots, and ingenious students had shown how to procure rats by corking up a pot containing corn with a dirty shirt. And that the humors arising from a decaying ox will create swarms of bees was a fact known to Virgil. Even when doubts were thrown upon these interesting results, the microscope showed that no precautions were sufficient to prevent the manifestation of the minuter forms of life. Needham, a Catholic priest, used closed vessels and subjected them to heat, and still the micro-organisms grew. Buffon, whom Mr. Bernard Shaw has recently praised, built up a finely imaginative theory on these

researches. His powers of divination enabled him to reconstruct every step of the wonderful process by which life perishes after death, but his theory, as Pasteur showed, is untrue in every particular. The whole question was still extremely doubtful when, in 1859, the French Academy offered a prize for researches which would definitely clear up the matter. In February of the next year Pasteur communicated his experiments.

He first filtered some air through a wad of cotton-wool which retained the dust with which ordinary air is strewn. The dust was then carefully washed and examined under the microscope. Small organisms, in these circumstances, are always to be seen. He then prepared a watery solution of albumen and sugar, a solution in which spontaneous generation freely occurs. The solution was placed in a glass vessel having a long and very narrow neck; the solution was boiled. Air which had been heated by being passed through a red-hot platinum tube was then allowed to enter the vessel through the narrow neck, and the neck was then sealed up by a blow-pipe in the usual way. Pasteur thus avoided Needham's objection to Spallanzani's experiments, that by excessive boiling he had so "tortured" the infusion as to destroy its "vegetative force." And Pasteur found that, in his hermetically sealed vessel, nothing whatever happened. He next broke the point of the neck of his vessel and dropped in a small piece of cotton wad through which air had been filtered, taking the precaution to allow only properly heated air to enter the vessel in the process. Germs appeared, and they were found to be identical with those which develop when the liquid is freely exposed to the air. Instead of the cotton wad, a wad of asbestos, previously made red-hot, can be substituted, in case anyone thinks some mysterious property of cotton-wool creates the germs. This beautiful and entirely characteristic experiment was followed by many others in which Pasteur implacably, and with entire definiteness, extended his results to other fluids, including blood and urine, which were considered most susceptible to alteration. These results did not pass, of course, without controversy, and some of the controversies were useful in forcing Pasteur to undertake fresh experiments. But he displayed throughout the same mastery, and finally left his opponents with nothing to say. The doctrine of Spontaneous Generation was definitely killed.

It would seem, to the merely logical observer, that this fact should have been an obstacle to the formulation of the scientific materialism which was the prevalent intellectual complexion of the days following the publication of the "Origin of Species." But it proved to be nothing of the kind. Even those men who believed that everything in the universe was a manifestation of atomic movements not only accepted the results of Pasteur's work, but, as honest men of science, insisted on them. This is only surprising if we fail to reflect on the momentum an idea acquires by being made an integral part of a comprehensive system of ideas. The general sweep and current of the time was in the direction of a materialist philosophy. None of the primary assumptions of this philosophy had been proved. One primary assumption, as we have seen, had been disproved. Another, the rise of consciousness from atomic movements, had been declared by Tyndall, in the course of recommending it, to be inconceivable. Nevertheless, although the straw was lacking, the bricks continued to be manufactured. The mind is incorrigibly creative.

S.

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